THE NATIONAL ERA.

G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

VOL. V.—NO. 46. WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 31, 1851. WHOLE NO. 254.

THE NATIONAL ERA IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SEVENTH STREET, OPPOSITE ODD FELLOWS' HALL.

TERMS.

Two dollars per annum, payable in advance.

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines inserted three times for one dollar; every subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents.

All communications to the ERA, whether on business of the paper or for publication, should be addressed to G. BAILEY, *Washington, D. C.*

BUELL & BLANCHARD, PRINTERS,
Sixth street, a few doors south of Pennsylvania avenue.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN:
OR,
LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

CHAPTER XX.—*Kentuck.*

Our readers may not be unwilling to glance back for a brief interval at Uncle Tom's Cabin on the Kentucky farm, and see what has been transpiring among those whom he had left behind.

It was late in the summer afternoon, and the doors and windows of the large parlor all stood open to invite any stray breeze that might feel in a good humor to enter. Mr. Shelby sat in a large hall opening into the room, and running through the whole length of the house to a balcony on either end. Leisurely tipped back in one chair, with his heels in another, he was enjoying his after-dinner cigar. Mrs. Shelby sat in the door, busy about some fine sewing; she seemed like one who had something on her mind, which she was seeking an opportunity to introduce.

"Do you know," she said, "that Chloe has had a letter from Tom?"

"Ah! has she? Tom's got some friend there, it seems. How is the old boy?"

"He has been bought by a very fine family, I should think," said Mrs. Shelby—"is kindly treated, and has not much to do."

"Ah! well, I'm glad of it—very glad," said Mr. Shelby, heartily. "Tom, I suppose, will get reconciled to a Southern residence—hardly want to come up here again."

"On the contrary, he inquires very anxiously," said Mrs. Shelby, "when the money for his redemption is to be raised."

"I'm sure *I* don't know," said Mr. Shelby. Once get business running wrong, there does seem to be no end to it—it's like jumping from one bog to another all through a swamp—borrow of one to pay another, and then borrow of another to pay one—and these confounded notes falling due before a man has time to smoke a cigar, and turn round—dunning letters and dunning messages—all scamper and hurry-scurry."

"It does seem to me, my dear, that something might be done to straighten matters. Suppose we sell off all the horses, and sell one of your farms, and pay up square?"

"Oh, ridiculous, Emily! You are the finest woman in Kentucky, but still you haven't sense to know that you don't understand business—women never do, and never can."

"But, at least," said Mrs. Shelby, "could not you give me some little insight into yours—a list of all your debts at least, and of all that is owed to you—and let me try and see if I can't help you to economize."

"Oh, bother! don't plague me, Emily—I can't tell exactly. I know somewhere about what things are likely to be, but there's no trimming and squaring my affairs, as Chloe trims crust off her pies. You don't know anything about business, I tell you."

And Mr. Shelby, not knowing any other way of enforcing his ideas, raised his voice—a mode of arguing very convenient and convincing, when a gentleman is discussing matters of business with his wife.

Mrs. Shelby ceased talking, with something of a sigh. The fact was, that though her husband had stated she was a woman, she had a clear, energetic, practical mind, and a force of character every way superior to that of her husband's; so that it would not have been so very absurd a supposition to have allowed her capable of managing as Mr. Shelby supposed. Her heart was set on performing her promise to Tom and Aunt Chloe, and she sighed as discouragements thickened around her.

"Don't you think we might in some way contrive to raise that money? Poor Aunt Chloe, her heart is so set on it."

"I'm sorry if it is. I think I was premature in promising. I'm not sure now but it's the best way to tell Chloe, and let her make up her mind to it. Tom'll have another wife in a year or two, and she had better take up with somebody else."

"Mr. Shelby, I have taught my people that their marriages are as sacred as ours. I never could think of giving Chloe such advice."

"It's a pity, wife, that you have burdened them with a morality above their condition and prospects. I always thought so."

"It's only the morality of the Bible, Mr. Shelby."

"Well, well, Emily, I don't pretend to interfere with your religious notions, only they seem extremely unfitted for people in that condition."

"They are indeed," said Mrs. Shelby, and that is why from my soul I hate the whole thing. I tell you, my dear, *I* cannot absolve myself from the promises I make to these helpless creatures. If I can get the money no other way, I will take music scholars—I could get enough, I know—and earn the money myself."

"You wouldn't degrade yourself that way, Emily? I never could consent to it."

"Degrade! would it degrade me as much as to break my faith with the helpless? No, indeed."

"Well, you are always heroic and transcendental," said Mr. Shelby, "but I think you had better think before you undertake such a piece of Quixotism."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Aunt Chloe at the end of the verandah.

"If you please, missis," said she.

"Well, Chloe, what is it?" said her mistress, rising, and going to the end of the balcony.

"If missis would come and look at dis yer lot o' poetry."

Chloe had a particular fancy for calling poultry poetry—an application of language in which she always persisted, notwithstanding frequent corrections and advisings from the younger members of the family.

"La sakes," she would say, "I can't see—one jis good as turry—poetry, suthin good anyhow;" and so poetry Chloe continued to call it.

Mrs. Shelby smiled as she saw a prostrate lot of chickens and ducks, over which Chloe stood with a very grave face of consideration.

"I'm a-thinkin whether missis would be a-havin a chicken pie o' dese yer."

"Really, Aunt Chloe, I don't much care—serve them any way you like."

Chloe stood handling them over abstractedly; it was quite evident that the chickens were not what she was thinking of. At last, with the short laugh with which her tribe often introduce a doubtful proposal, she said—

"Laws me, missis, what should mass'r and missis be a troublin theirselves bout de money, and not a usin what's right in der hands;" and Chloe laughed again.

"I don't understand you, Chloe," said Mrs. Shelby, nothing doubting, from her knowledge of Chloe's manner, that she had heard every word of the conversation that had passed between her and her husband.

"Why, laws me, missis," said Chloe, laughing again, "other folks hires out der niggers and makes money on 'em—don't keep sich a tribe eatin 'em out of house and home."

"Well, Chloe, who do you propose that we should hire out?"

"Laws! I aint a proposin nothin; only Sam he said der was one of dese yer *perfectioners*, dey calls 'em in Louisville, said he wanted a good hand at cake and pastry, and said he'd give four dollars a week to one, he did."

"Well, Chloe."

"Well, laws, I's a thinkin, missis, it's time Sally was put along to be doin something. Sally's been under my care, now, dis some time, and she does most as well as me, considerin; and if missis would only let me go, I would help fetch up the money. I aint afraid to put my cake, nor pies nother, 'long side no *perfectioner's*."

"Confectioner's, Chloe."

"Law sakes, missis, taint no odds—words is so curis, can't never get 'em right!"

"But, Chloe, do you want to leave your children?"

"Laws, missis, de boys is big enough to do days works—dey does well enough—and Sally, she'll take de baby—she's such a peart young un, she won't take no lookin arter."

"Louisville is a good way off."

"Law sakes, who's afeard—its down river somer near my old man, perhaps?" said Chloe, speaking the last in the tone of a question, and looking at Mrs. Shelby.

"No, Chloe, its many a thousand miles off," said Mrs. Shelby.

Chloe's countenance fell.

"Never mind, your going there shall bring you nearer, Chloe. Yes, you may go, and your wages shall every cent of them be laid aside for your husband's redemption."

As when a bright sunbeam turns a dark cloud to silver, so Chloe's dark face brightened immediately—it really shone.

"Laws, if missis isn't too good. I was thinking of dat ar very thing; cause I shouldn't need no clothes, nor shoes, nor nothin—I could save every cent. How many weeks is der in a year, missis?"

"Fifty-two," said Mrs. Shelby.

"Laws, now, dere is? and four dollars for each on 'em. Why, how much'd dat ar be?"

"Two hundred and eight dollars," said Mrs. Shelby.

"Why!" said Chloe, with an accent of surprise and delight; "and how long would it take me to work it out, missis?"

"Some four or five years, Chloe; but, then, you needn't do it all; I shall add something to it."

"I wouldn't hear to missis' givin lessons nor nothin—maser's quite right in dat ar—'twouldn't do, no ways. I hope none our family ever be brought to dat ar while I's got hands."

"Don't fear, Chloe. I'll take care of the honor of the family," said Mrs. Shelby, smiling. "But when do you expect to go?"

"Well, I want spectin nothin; only Sam, he's agwine to de river with some colts, and he said I could go long with him; so I jes put my things together. If missis was willin, I'd go with Sam to-morrow mornin, if missis would write my pass, and write me a commendation."

"Well, Chloe, I'll attend to it, if Mr. Shelby has no objections. I must speak to him."

Mrs. Shelby went up stairs, and Aunt Chloe, delighted, went out to her cabin to make her preparation.

"Law sakes, mass'r George, ye didn't know I's a gwine to Louisville to-morrow," she said to George, as entering her cabin he found her busy in sorting over her baby's clothes. "I thought I'd jis look over sis's things and get 'em straitened up. But I'm gwine, mass'r George, gwine to have four dollars a week, and missis is gwine to lay it all up to buy back my old man agin!"

"Whew!" said George, "here's a stroke of business, to be sure. How are you going?"

"To-morrow, wid Sam. And now, mass'r George, I knows you'll jis sit down and write to my old man, and tell him all about it, won't ye?"

"To be sure," said George; "Uncle Tom'll be right glad to hear from us. I'll go right in the house for paper and ink; and then, you know, Aunt Chloe, I can tell about the new colts and all."

"Sartin, sartin, mass'r George; you go 'long, and I'll get ye up a bit o' chicken, or some sich; ye won't have many more suppers wid yer poor old aunty."

CHAPTER XXI.

"The grass withereth—the flower fadeth."

Life passes with us all a day at a time; so it passed with our friend Tom till two years were gone. Though parted from all his soul held dear, and though often yearning for what lay behind, still was he never positively and consciously miserable; for so well is the harp of human feeling strung, that nothing but a crash that breaks every string can wholly mar its harmony; and on looking back to seasons which in review appear to us as those of deprivation and trial, we can remember that each hour, as it glided, brought its diversions and alleviations, so that, though not happy wholly, we were not either wholly miserable.

Tom read, in his only literary cabinet, of one who had "learned in whatsoever state he was, therewith to be content." It seemed to him good and reasonable doctrine, and accorded well with the settled and thoughtful habit which he had acquired from the reading of that same book.

His letter homeward, as we related in the last chapter, was in due time answered by master George, in a good, round, school-boy hand, that Tom said might be read "most acrost the room." It contained various refreshing items of home intelligence with which our reader is fully acquainted—stated how Aunt Chloe had been hired out to a confectioner in Louisville, where her skill in the pastry line was gaining wonderful sums of money, all of which Tom was informed, was to be laid up to go to make up the sum of his redemption money—Mose and Pete were thriving, and the baby was trotting all about the house, under the care of Sally and the family generally.

Tom's cabin was shut up for the present, but George expatiated brilliantly on ornaments and additions to be made to it when Tom came back.

The rest of this letter gave a list of George's school studies, each one headed by a flourishing capital; and also told the names of four new colts that appeared on the premises since Tom left; and stated in the same connection that father and mother were well. The style of the letter was decidedly concise and terse, but Tom thought it the most wonderful specimen of composition that had appeared in modern times. He was never tired of looking at it, and even held a council with Eva on the expediency of getting it framed, to hang up in his room. Nothing but the difficulty of arranging it so that both sides of the page would show at once stood in the way of this undertaking.

The friendship between Tom and Eva had grown with the child's growth. It would be hard to say what place she held in the soft, impressible heart of her faithful attendant. He loved her as something frail and earthly, yet almost worshipped her as something heavenly and divine. He gazed on her as the Italian sailor gazes on his image of the child Jesus—with a mixture of reverence and tenderness; and to humor her graceful fancies, and meet those thousand simple wants which invest childhood like a many-colored rainbow, was Tom's chief delight. In the market at morning his eyes were always on the flower stalls for rare bouquets for her, and the choicest peach or orange was slipped into his pocket to give to her when he came back; and the sight that pleased him most was her sunny head looking out the gate for his distant approach, and her childish question—"Well, Uncle Tom, what have you got for me to-day?"

Nor was Eva less zealous in kind offices in return. Though a child, she was a beautiful reader—a fine musical ear, a quick poetic fancy, and an instinctive sympathy with what is grand and noble, made her such a reader of the Bible as Tom had never before heard. At first she read to please her humble friend, but soon her own earnest nature threw out its tendrils, and wound itself around the mystic book—and Eva loved it because it woke in her strange yearnings, and strong, dim emotions, such as impassioned imaginative children love to feel.

The parts that pleased her most, were the Revelations and the Prophecies—parts, whose dim and wondrous imagery and fervent language impressed her the more, that she questioned vainly of their meaning—and she and her simple friend, the old child and the young one, felt just alike about it. All that they knew was, that they spoke of a glory to be revealed—a wondrous something yet to come, wherein their soul rejoiced, yet knew not why—and though it be not so in the physical, yet in moral science that which cannot be understood is not always profitless. For the soul awakes, a trembling stranger, between two dim eternities—the eternal past—the eternal future. The light shines only on a small space around her—therefore she needs must yearn towards the unknown, and the voices and shadowy movings which come to her from out the cloudy pillar of inspiration have each one echoes and answers in her own expecting nature—its mystic imagery are so many talismans and gems inscribed with unknown hieroglyphics—she folds them in her bosom, and expects to read them when she passes beyond the veil.

At this time in our story, the whole St. Clare establishment is, for the time being, removed to their villa on Lake Pontchartrain. The heats of summer had driven all who were able to leave the sultry and unhealthy city, to seek the shores of the lake and its cool sea breezes.

St. Clare's villa was an East Indian cottage, surrounded by light verandahs of bamboo work, and opening on all sides into gardens and pleasure grounds. The common sitting room opened on to a large garden, fragrant with every picturesque plant and flower of the tropics, where winding paths ran down to the very shores of the lake, whose silvery sheet of water lay there, rising and falling in the sunbeams—a picture never for an hour the same, yet every hour more beautiful.

It is now one of those intensely golden sunsets which kindles the whole horizon into one blaze of glory, and makes the water another sky. The lake lay in rosy or golden streaks, save where white-winged vessels glided hither and thither like so many spirits, and little golden stars twinkled through the glow, and looked down at themselves as they trembled in the water.

Tom and Eva were seated on a little mossy seat in an arbor at the foot of the garden. It was Sunday evening, and Eva's Bible lay open on her knee. She read—"And I saw a sea of glass, mingled with fire."

"Tom," said Eva, suddenly stopping and pointing to the lake, "there 'tis."

"What, Miss Eva?"

"Don't you see—there?" said the child, pointing to the glassy water, which, as it rose and fell, reflected the golden glows of the sky. "There's 'a sea of glass, mingled with fire.'"

"True enough, Miss Eva," said Tom; and Tom sung—

> "Oh, had I the wings of the morning,
> I'd fly away to Canaan's shore;
> Bright angels should convey me home,
> To the new Jerusalem."

"Where do you suppose new Jerusalem is, Uncle Tom?" said Eva.

"Oh, up in the clouds, Miss Eva."

"Then I think I see it," said Eva. "Look in those clouds—they look like great gates of pearl; and you can see beyond them—far, far off—it's all gold. Tom, sing about 'spirits bright.'"

Tom sung the words of a well-known Methodist hymn—

> "I see a band of spirits bright,
> That taste the glories there;
> They all are robed in spotless white,
> And conquering palms they bear."

"Uncle Tom, I've seen *them*," said Eva.

Tom had no doubt of it at all; it did not surprise him in the least. If Eva had told him she had been to heaven, he would have thought it entirely probable.

"They come to me sometimes in my sleep—those spirits;" and Eva's eyes grew dreamy, and she hummed, in a low voice—

> "They are all robed in spotless white,
> And conquering palms they bear."

"Uncle Tom," said Eva, "I'm going there."

"Where, Miss Eva?"

The child rose and pointed her little hand to the sky; the glow of evening lit her golden hair and flushed cheek with a kind of unearthly radiance, and her eyes were bent earnestly on the skies.

"I'm going *there*," she said, "to the spirits bright, Tom; *I'm going before long.*"

The faithful old heart felt a sudden thrust; and Tom thought how often he had noticed within six months that Eva's little hands had grown thinner, and her skin more transparent, and her breath shorter; and how, when she ran or played in the garden, as she once could for hours, she became soon so tired and languid. He had heard Miss Ophelia speak often of a cough, that all her medicaments could not cure; and even now that fervent cheek and little hand were burning with hectic fever; and yet the thought that Eva's words suggested had never come to him till now.

Has there ever been a child like Eva? Yes, there have been, but their names are always on grave-stones, and their sweet smiles, their heavenly eyes, their singular words and ways, are among the buried treasures of yearning hearts. In how many families do you hear the legend that all the goodness and graces of the living are nothing to the peculiar charms of one who *is not*. It is as if heaven had an especial band of angels, whose office it was to sojourn for a season here, and endear to them the wayward human heart, that they might bear it upward with them in their homeward flight. When you see that deep, spiritual light in the eye, when the little soul reveals itself in words sweeter and wiser than the ordinary words of children, hope not to retain that child, for the seal of Heaven is on it, and the light of immortality looks out from its eyes.

Even so, beloved Eva! fair star of thy dwelling! Thou art passing away, but they that love thee dearest know it not.

The colloquy between Tom and Eva was interrupted by a hasty call from Miss Ophelia.

"Eva—Eva—why, child, the dew is falling; you mustn't be out there."

Eva and Tom hastened in.

Miss Ophelia was old, and skilled in the tactics of nursing. She was from New England, and knew well the first guileful footsteps of that soft, insidious disease which sweeps away so many of the fairest and loveliest, and, before one fibre of life seems broken, seals them irrevocably for death.

She had noted the slight, dry cough, the daily brightening cheek—nor could the lustre of the eye, and the airy buoyancy born of fever, deceive her.

She tried to communicate her fears to St. Clare, but he threw back her suggestions with a restless petulance unlike his usual careless good humor.

"Don't be croaking, Cousin, I hate it," he would say; "don't you see that the child is only growing. Children always lose strength when they grow fast."

"But she has that cough!"

"Oh! nonsense of that cough! it is not anything. She has taken a little cold, perhaps."

"Well, that was just the way Eliza Jane was taken, and Ellen and Maria Sanders."

"Oh! stop these hobgoblin nurse legends. You old hands get so wise, that a child cannot cough, or sneeze, but you see desperation and ruin at hand. Only take care of the child, keep her from the night air, and don't let her play too hard, and she'll do well enough."

So St. Clare said; but he grew nervous and restless. He watched Eva feverishly day by day, as might be told by the frequency with which he repeated over that "the child was quite well"—that there wasn't anything in that cough—it was only some little stomach affection, such as children often had." But he kept by her more than before, took her oftener to ride with him, brought home every few days some receipt or strengthening mixture, "not," he said, "that the child *needed* it, but then, it would not do her any harm."

If it must be told, the thing that struck a deeper pang to his heart than anything else, was the daily increasing maturity of the child's mind and feelings. While still retaining all a child's fanciful graces, yet she often dropped, unconsciously, words of such a reach of thought, and strange unworldly wisdom, that they seemed to be an inspiration. At such times St. Clare would feel a sudden thrill, and clasp her in his arms, as if that fond clasp could save her; and his heart rose up with wild determination to keep her, never to let her go.

The child's whole heart and soul seemed absorbed in works of love and kindness. Impulsively generous she had always been, but there was a touching and womanly thoughtfulness about her now, that every one noticed. She still loved to play with Topsy and the various colored children, but she now seemed rather a spectator than an actor of their plays, and she would sit for half an hour at a time, laughing at the odd tricks of Topsy—and then a shadow would seem to pass across her face, her eyes grew misty, and her thoughts were afar.

"Mamma," she said suddenly to her mother, one day, "why don't we teach our servants to read?"

"What a question, child! people never do."

"Why don't they?" said Eva.

"Because it is of no use for them to read. It don't help them to work any better, and they are not made for anything else."

"But they ought to read the Bible, mamma, to learn God's will."

"Oh, they can get that read to them all *they* need."

"It seems to me, mamma, the Bible is for every one to read themselves. They need it a great many times when there is nobody to read it."

"Eva, you are an odd child," said her mother.

"Miss Ophelia has taught Topsy to read," continued Eva.

"Yes, and you see how much good it does. Topsy is the worst creature I ever saw."

"Here's poor Mammy!" said Eva. "She does love the Bible so much, and wishes so she could read. And what will she do when I can't read to her?"

Marie was busy, turning over the contents of a drawer, as she answered—

"Well, of course, by and by, Eva, you will have other things to think of, besides reading the Bible round to servants. Not but that is very proper; I've done it myself when I had health. But when you come to be dressing and going into company, you won't have time. See here!" she added, "these jewels I'm going to give you when you come out. I wore them to my first ball. I can tell you, Eva, I made a sensation!"

Eva took the jewel case, and lifted from it a diamond necklace. Her large, thoughtful eyes rested on them, but it was plain her thoughts were elsewhere.

"How sober you look, child!" said Marie.

"Are these worth a great deal of money, mamma?"

"To be sure they are. Father sent to France for them. They are worth a small fortune."

"I wish I had them," said Eva, "to do what I please with."

"What would you do with them?"

"I'd sell them, and buy a place in the free States, and take all our people there, and hire teachers, to teach them to read and write."

Eva was cut short by her mother's laughing.

"Set up a boarding-school! Wouldn't you teach them to play on the piano, and paint on velvet?"

"I'd teach them to read their own Bible, and write their own letters, and read letters that are written to them," said Eva, steadily. "I know, mamma, it does come very hard on them, that they can't do these things. Tom feels it—Mammy does—a great many of them do. I think it's wrong."

"Come! come! Eva, you are only a child! You don't know anything about these things," said Marie; "besides, your talking makes my head ache."

Marie always had a head-ache on hand for any conversation that did not exactly suit her.

Eva stole away; but after that, she assiduously gave Mammy reading lessons.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Are sisters, Sal and Nance, *resources*, pa?"

"No, my son. Why do you ask that question?"

"Because I heard uncle John say if you would only husband your resources, that you would get along a great deal better than you do. And I thought it would be a good idea, because you wouldn't have so many young men here for supper every Sunday night—that's all, pa."

"I say, old woman, come and put this child to bed."

AFRICAN ARTS AND MANUFACTURES.

Travellers in Africa all coincide in one important particular, namely, that the natives of that continent exhibit a remarkable degree of genius, and display in their numerous manufactured articles such a knowledge of mechanics as to agreeably surprise all who have heard of or been privileged to behold their handiwork.

Iron ore of superior quality is found in immense quantities, and from it are made, by the untaught natives, ornamental and useful articles, such as spears, arrows, rings, chains, hoes, bracelets, &c. A small but regular amount of this material, made into a peculiar shape, is called a "bar," and appears to be the standard of value by which their currency is regulated.

They are exceedingly skilful in the tanning and manufacture of leather. Their amulet cases, spear and dagger sheaths, whips, bridles, pouches, powder-flasks, sandals, boots, &c., are made with remarkable neatness.

In addition to these may be named, their war-horns made from the tusks of elephants and other animals; their musical instruments—the strings of the "banjo" being formed from fibres of trees. Their bags for carrying materials, and baskets of all sizes and descriptions, are wrought with great symmetry and beauty from sea-grass and the leaves of their innumerable and useful trees, plants, &c. The palm tree, says a traveller, "is applied by them to three hundred and sixty-five uses. Huts are thatched with palm leaves; its fibres are used for fishing tackle, ropes, sieves, twine, &c.; a rough cloth is made from the inner bark; the fruit is roasted, and is excellent; the oil serves for butter; and the wine is a favorite drink.

In some portions of Africa, they are exceedingly skilful in making canoes. These are dug out of trees, and are amazingly large. Some are capable of carrying from fifty to one hundred and fifty persons, besides ten or twelve hands to pull. Mats in abundance, of all kinds, sizes, and qualities, are manufactured, chiefly by the women. These mats are used for many purposes—to sleep on, partition off rooms, for bed-curtains, bags, carpets, &c.; the fine ones make nice table-covers, and are used for clothing. They look as if they were woven—are sometimes eight feet wide, and fifteen or twenty feet long.

Clothes are made in abundance; they are spun (without any wheel) from the native cotton, and woven in a strip from five to ten inches wide, then cut to the length they want the cloth, and sewed together. Various figures are made in weaving. The colors are handsome and permanent. Pottery made of clay is very common, and stands the fire as well as any other; the vessels are of all sizes, from a quart to twenty gallons. Hats, similar to the American palm-leaf summer hats, are made in various styles, and are much superior to the American article—more durable and fine.

In making clothes, the Mandingoes are very expert to cut and sew shirts and other kinds of garments, and in making their caps and robes.

Wooden spoons, of a neat, fine quality, are also produced; and bowls, fine and superior, from a pint to a half-barrel, neat and cheap. Wooden fish-hooks are made, and much used; large fish-baskets, also, for catching fish. Many of their gree-grees display much skill in their manufacture. Soap, good and cheap, is abundant. Jugs, bottles, bowls, are made, (earthen,) and a multitude of other little things we cannot now mention, very ingenious and skillful.

The native African, it is to be understood, is naturally indolent; and although the various articles of labor here mentioned would perhaps convey the impression that they are an industrious people, yet the contrary is the fact.

What a market is here opened for the sale of our manufactures? Who can rightly calculate the amount of employment it would afford the operatives and workmen of our land to clothe her unnumbered millions, and the enormous trade which she could afford us in the luxuries, and what we consider the necessities, of life, from her prolific tropical soil?

Well might the poet, speaking of Africa, exclaim:

> "Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
> Bask in the splendors of the solar zone:
> A world of wonders—where creation seems
> No more the work of Nature, but her dreams."

Christian Statesman.

For the National Era.

GONE!

A FRAGMENT OF SORROW.

Gone!
Like a meteoric fire that is fled,
And the darkness is intenser than before.
I am drooping as a willow o'er the dead,
For the idols of my bosom are no more!
They are gone!
Bright the youthful hopes I've cherished—
They are fled;
In adversity they perished—
They are dead.

What a melancholy pilgrimage is life!
With misfortune we have such a bitter strife!
From the sickly infant's cradle to the tomb,
We have very little sunlight through the gloom.
Our passage from the cradle to the bier,
Can be compassed by the sorrow of a tear.
Golden visions flit before us in the sun,
And, like schoolboys after butterflies, we run,
Till the better part of life is nearly past,
Then they vanish, and we perish, all aghast!
As experience and existence whirl us on,
We perceive the golden phantom hopes are gone—
Gone!

I once saw a loving mother clasping hands
With her son, who went away to other lands,
And I know they did not tear the twain apart,
Till the agony had rent the mother's heart.
O, how wildly was her bosom throbbing then!
Would there never were such misery again!
All the night the mother dreams about her son;
In the morning she awakes, but he is gone—
Gone!

How unhappy, how embittered, is my soul;
How dejected, how deserted, in my grief—
No such anguish can a mortal one control,
Its expression gives my bosom slight relief,
For no sympathy has bidden it to heave
With emotions loving, passionately true,
But in loneliness 'tis left alone to grieve,
That Affection's purest touch it never knew.

There are many wretched creatures that I know,
Who do wander with their faces to the ground—
Stalking only in the pestilence of woe,
They are never in a happy feeling found—
Flowers they had planted,
Withered all away;
Fabrics they had builded,
Went into decay;
Syrens they had followed,
Vanished with the day.
First they lived in gladness,
Trusting, hoping on—
Alas! they woke in sadness—
Everything was gone—
Gone!

Yesternight I cheated sorrow,
With the promise of to-morrow;
But to-morrow now is here—
Ah! the future is as drear
As it ever was before—
And my castles in the air,
That I piled up everywhere,
Are no more!

JOHN F. WEISCHAMPEL, JR.

Baltimore, Md., November, 1851.

From the Panama Herald of October 16.

DESTRUCTION OF A SHIP BY A WHALE.

Thrilling account of the destruction of a whale ship by a sperm whale—Sinking of the ship—Loss of two boats, and miraculous escape of the crew.

We have just received the following thrilling account of the destruction of the whale ship Ann Alexander, Captain John S. Deblois, of New Bedford, by a large sperm whale, from the lips of the captain himself, who arrived in this city from Paita, on Sunday last, in the schooner Providence. A similar circumstance has never been known to occur but once in the whole history of whale fishing, and that was the destruction of the ship Essex, some twenty or twenty-five years ago, and which many of our readers fully remember. We proceed to the narrative as furnished us by Captain Deblois, and which is fully authenticated by nine of the crew in a protest under the seal of the U. S. Consul, Alex. Ruden, Jr., at Paita.

The ship Ann Alexander, Captain S. Deblois, sailed from New Bedford, Massachusetts, June 1st, 1850, for a cruise in the South Pacific for sperm whale. Having taken about 500 barrels of oil in the Atlantic, the ship proceeded on her voyage to the Pacific. Nothing of unusual interest occurred until, when passing Cape Horn, one of the men, named Jackson Walker, of Newport, N. H., was lost overboard in a storm. Reaching the Pacific, she came up the coast, and stopped Valdivia, coast of Chili, for fresh provisions, and on the 31st of May last she called at Paita, for the purpose of shipping a man. The vessel proceeded on her voyage to the South Pacific.

On the 20th of August last she reached what is well known to all whalers as the "Off-Shore Ground," in lat. 5 deg. 50 min. south, lon. 102 deg. west. In the morning of that day, at about 9 o'clock, whales were discovered in the neighborhood, and about noon the same day they succeeded in making fast to one. Two boats had gone after the whales—the larboard and the starboard, the former commanded by the first mate, and the latter by Captain Deblois. The whale which they had struck was harpooned by the larboard boat. After running some time, the whale turned upon the boat, and, rushing at it with tremendous violence, lifted open its enormous jaws, and taking the boat in, actually crushed it into fragments as small as a common-sized chair! Captain Deblois immediately struck for the scene of the disaster with the starboard boat, and succeeded, against all expectation, in rescuing the whole of the crew of the boat, nine in number.

There were now eighteen men in the starboard boat, consisting of the captain, the first mate, and the crews of both boats. The frightful disaster had been witnessed from the ship, and the waist boat was called into readiness and sent to their relief. The distance from the ship was about six miles. As soon as the waist boat arrived, the crews were divided, and it was determined to pursue the same whale, and make another attack upon him. Accordingly they separated, and proceeded at some distance from each other, as is usual on such occasions, after the whale. In a short time they came up to him, and prepared to give him battle. The waist boat, commanded by the first mate, was in advance. As soon as the whale perceived the demonstration being made upon him, he turned his course, suddenly, and making a tremendous dash at this boat, seized it with his wide-spread jaws, and crushed it into atoms, allowing the men barely time to escape his vengeance by throwing themselves into the ocean.

Captain Deblois, again seeing the perilous condition of his men, at the risk of meeting the same fate, directed his boat to hasten to their rescue, and in a short time succeeded in saving them all from a death little less horrible than that from which they had twice so narrowly escaped. He then ordered the boat to put for the ship as speedily as possible; and no sooner had the order been given than they discovered the monster of the deep making towards them with his jaws widely extended. Fortunately, the monster came up and passed them at a short distance. The boat then made her way to the ship, and the all got on board in safety.

After reaching the ship, a boat was dispatched for the oars of the demolished boats, and it was determined to pursue the whale with the ship. As soon as the boat returned with the oars, sail was set, and the ship proceeded after the whale. In a short time she overtook him, and a lance was thrown into his head. The ship passed on by, and immediately after they discovered that the whale was making for the ship. As he came up near her, they hauled on the wind, and suffered the monster to pass her. After had fairly passed, they kept off to overtake and attack him again. When the ship had reached within about fifty rods of him, they discovered that the whale had settled down deep below the surface of the water, and, as it was near sundown, they concluded to give up the pursuit.

Captain Deblois was at this time standing in the night-heads on the larboard bow, with craft in hand, ready to strike the monster a deadly blow should he appear, the ship moving about five knots, when, looking on the side of the ship, he discovered the whale rushing towards her at the rate of fifteen knots! *In an instant the monster struck the ship with tremendous violence, shaking her from stem to stern!* She quivered under the violence of the shock as if she had struck upon a rock. Captain Deblois immediately descended into the forecastle, and there, to his horror, discovered that the monster had struck the ship about two feet from the keel, abreast the foremast, knocking a great hole entirely through her bottom, through which the water roared and rushed in impetuously. Springing to the deck, he ordered the mate to cut away the anchors, and get the cables overboard, to keep the ship from sinking, as she had a large quantity of pig iron on board. In doing this, the mate succeeded in relieving only one anchor and cable clear, the other having been fastened around the foremast. The ship was then sinking rapidly. The captain went to the cabin, where he found three feet of water; he, however, succeeded in procuring a chronometer, sextant, and chart. Reaching the decks, he ordered the boats to be cleared away, and to get water and provisions, as the ship was keeling over. He again descended to the cabin, but the water was rushing in so rapidly that he could procure nothing. He then came upon deck, ordered all hands into the boats, and was the last himself to leave the ship, which he did by throwing himself into the sea and swimming to the nearest boat. The ship was on her beam-ends, her top-gallant yards under water. They then pushed off some distance from the ship, expecting her to sink in a very short time. Upon an examination of the stores they had been able to save, he discovered that they had only twelve quarts of water, and not a mouthful of provisions of any kind! The boats contained eleven men each—were leaky, and night coming on, they were obliged to bail them all night to keep them from sinking.

Next day, at daylight, they returned to the ship, no one daring to venture on board but the captain, their intention being to cut away the masts, and fearful that the moment that the masts were cut away the ship would go down. With a single hatchet, the captain went on board, cut away the mast, when the ship righted. The boats then came up, and the men, by the sole aid of spades, cut away the chain cable from around the foremast, which got the ship nearly on her keel. The men then tied ropes round their bodies, got into the sea, and cut a hole through the decks to get out provisions. They could procure nothing but about five gallons of vinegar and twenty pounds of wet bread. The ship threatened to sink, and they deemed it imprudent to remain by her longer, so they set sail on their boats and left her.

On the 22d of August, at about 5 o'clock P. M., they had the indescribable joy of discerning a ship in the distance. They made signal, and were soon answered; and in a short time they were reached by the good ship Nantucket, of Nantucket, Massachusetts, Captain Gibbs, who took them all on board, clothed and fed them, and extended to them in every way the greatest possible hospitality.

On the succeeding day, Captain Gibbs went to the wreck of the ill-fated Ann Alexander, for the purpose of trying to procure something from her; but, as the sea was rough, and the attempt considered dangerous, he abandoned the project. The Nantucket then set sail for Paita, where she arrived on the 15th of September, and where she landed Captain Deblois and his men. Captain Deblois was kindly and hospitably received and entertained at Paita by Captain Bathurst, an English gentlemen residing there, and subsequently took passage on board the schooner Providence, Captain Starbuck, for this port, arriving here on Sunnay last, the 12th instant.

At Paita, Captain Deblois entered his protest at the United States Consulate, which was authenticated by the following officers and seamen on board at the time of the disaster, the two officers and rest of the crew having shipped on board other vessels: Joseph K. Green, first mate; James Smith, third mate; John Morgan, carpenter; James Riley, cooper; James McRoberts, John Smith, Wm. Smith, Henry Reid, and Charles F. Booth, seamen.

THE WIDOW OF COLOGNE.

In the year 1641 there lived in a narrow, obscure street of Cologne a poor woman named Marie Marianni, with an old female servant for her sole companion. She inhabited a small, tumble-down, two-storied house, which had but two windows in front. Nothing could well be more miserable than the furniture of this dark dwelling. Two worm-eaten four-post bedsteads, a large deal-press, two rickety tables, three or four old wooden chairs, and a few rusty kitchen utensils, formed the whole of its domestic inventory.

Marie Marianni, despite the wrinkles which nearly seventy years had left on her face, still preserved the trace of former beauty. There was a grace in her appearance, and a dignity in her manner, which prepossessed strangers in her favor whenever they happened to meet her, but this was rarely. Living in the strictest retirement, and avoiding as much as possible all intercourse with her neighbors, she seldom went out except for the purpose of buying provisions. Her income consisted of a small pension, which she received every six months. In the street where she lived, she was known by the name of 'The Old Nun,' and was regarded with considerable respect.

Marie Marianni usually lived in the room on the ground floor, where she spent her time in needlework; and her old servant Bridget occupied the upper room, which served as a kitchen, and employed herself in spinning.

Thus lived these two old women in a state of complete isolation. In winter, however, in order to avoid the expense of keeping up two fires, Marie Marianni used to call down her domestic, and cause her to place her wheel in the chimney-corner, while she herself occupied a large old easy-chair at the opposite side. They would sometimes sit thus, evening after evening, without exchanging a single word.

One night, however, the mistress happened to be in a more communicative temper than usual, and addressing her servant, she said: "Well, Bridget, have you heard from your son?"

"No, madame, although the Frankfort post has come in."

"You see, Bridget, it is folly to reckon on the affection of one's children; you are not the only mother who has to complain of their ingratitude."

"But, madame, my Joseph is not ungrateful; he loves me, and if he has not written now, I am certain it is only because he has nothing to say. One must not be too hard upon young people."

"Not too hard, certainly; but we have a right to their submission and respect."

"For my part, dear lady, I am satisfied with possessing, as I do, my son's affection."

"I congratulate you, Bridget," said her mistress, with a deep sigh. "Alas! I am also a mother, and I ought to be a happy one. Three sons, possessing rank, fortune, glory; yet here I am, forgotten by them, in poverty, and considered importunate if I appeal to them for help. You are happy, Bridget, in having an obedient son—mine are hard and thankless!"

"Poor dear lady, my Joseph loves me so fondly!"

"You cut me to the heart, Bridget; you little know what I have suffered. An unhappy mother, I have also been a wretched wife. After having lived unhappily together during several years, my husband died, the victim of an assassin. And whom, think you, did they accuse of instigating his murder? Me! In the presence of my children—ay, at the instance of my eldest son—I was prosecuted for this crime!"

"But, doubtless, madame, you were acquitted?"

"Yes; and had I been a poor woman, without power, rank or influence, my innocence would have been publicly declared. But having all these advantages, it suited my enemies' purpose to deprive me of them, so they banished me, and left me in the state in which I am!"

"Dear mistress!" said the old woman.

Marie Marianni hid her face in her handkerchief, and spoke no more during the remainder of the evening.

As the servant continued silently to turn her wheel, she resolved in her mind several circumstances connected with the "Old Nun." She had often surprised her reading parchments covered with red wax, which, on Bridget's entrance, her mistress always hurriedly replaced in a small iron box.

One night, Marie Marianni, while suffering from an attack of fever, cried out, in a tone of unutterable horror: "No; I will not see him! Take away yon red robe—that man of blood and murder!"

These things troubled the simple mind of poor Bridget, yet she dared not speak of them to her usually haughty and reserved mistress.

On the next evening, as they were sitting silently at work, a knock was heard at the door.

"Who can it be at this hour?" said Marie Marianni.

"I cannot think," replied her servant; "'tis now nine o'clock."

"Another knock! Go, Bridget, and see who it is, but open the door with precaution."

The servant took their solitary lamp in her hand, and went to the door. She presently returned, ushering into the room Father Francis, a priest who lived in the city. He was a man of about fifty years old, whose hollow cheeks, spare features, and piercing eyes, wore a sinister and far from hallowed expression.

"To what, father, am I indebted for this late visit?" asked the old lady.

"To important tidings," replied the priest, "which I am come to communicate."

"Leave us, Bridget," said her mistress. The servant took an old iron lamp, and went up stairs to her fireless chamber.

"What have you to tell me?" asked Marie Marianni of her visiter.

"I have had news from France."

"Good news?"

"Some which may eventually prove so."

"The stars, then, have not deceived me!"

"What, madame!" said the priest in a reproving tone; do you attach any credit to this lying astrology? Believe me, it is a temptation of Satan, which you ought to resist. Have you not enough of real misfortune, without subjecting yourself to imaginary terrors?"

"If it be a weakness, father, it is one which I share in common with many great minds. Who can doubt the influence which the celestial bodies have on things terrestrial?"

"All vanity and error, daughter. How can an enlightened mind like yours persuade itself that events happen by aught save the will of God?"

"I will not now argue the point, father; tell me rather what are the news from France?"

"The nobles' discontent at the prime minister has reached its height. Henri d'Effiat, grand-equerry of France, and the King's favorite, has joined them, and drawn into the plot the Duke de Bouillon, and Monsieur his majesty's brother. A treaty, which is on point of being secretly concluded with the King of Spain, has for its object peace, on condition of the cardinal's removal."

"Thank God!"

"However, madame, let us not be too confident; continue to act with prudence, and assume the appearance of perfect resignation. Frequent the church in which I minister, place yourself near the lower corner of the right hand aisle, and I will forewarn you of my next visit."

"I will do so, father."

Resuming his large cloak, the priest departed, Bridget being summoned by her mistress to open the door.

From that time, during several months, the old lady repaired regularly each day to the church; and she often saw Father Francis, but he never spoke or gave her the desired signal. The unaccustomed daily exercise of walking to and from church, together with the "sickness of hope deferred," began to tell unfavorably on her health; she became subject to attacks of intermitting fever, and her large bright eyes seemed each day to grow larger and brighter. One morning, as passing down the aisle, Father Francis for a moment bent his head towards her, and whispered: "All is lost!"

With a powerful effort, Marie Marianni subdued all outward signs to the terrible emotion which these words caused her, and returned to her cheerless dwelling. In the evening Father Francis came to her. When they were alone, she asked; "Father, what has happened?"

"Monsieur de Cinq-Mars is arrested."

"And the Duke de Bouillon?"

"Fled."

"The treaty with the King of Spain?"

"At the moment it was signed at Madrid, the cunning cardinal received a copy of it."

"By whom was the plot discovered?"

"By a secret agent, who had wormed himself into it."

"My enemies, then, still triumph?"

"Richelieu is more powerful, and the King more subject to him than ever."

That same night the poor old woman was seized with a burning fever. In her delirium the phantom-man in red still pursued her, and her ravings were terrible to hear. Bridget, seated at her bedside, prayed for her, and at the end of a month she began slowly to recover. Borne down, however, by years, poverty, and misfortune, Marie Marianni felt her end was approaching. Despite Father Francis's dissuasion, she again had resourse to the astrological tablets, on which were drawn, in black and red figures, the various phases of the sun and of the star which presided over her nativity. On this occasion their omens were unfavorable; and rejecting all spiritual consolation—miserable in the present and hopeless in the future—Marie Marianni expired in the beginning of July, 1642.

As soon as her death was known, a magistrate of Cologne came to her house, in order to make an official entry of the names of the defunct and her heirs. Bridget could not tell either; she merely knew that her late mistress was a stranger.

Father Francis arrived. "I can tell you the names of her heirs," he said. "Write—the King of France; Monsieur the Duke of Orleans; Henrietta of France, Queen of England."

"And what," asked the astounded magistrate, "was the name of the deceased?"

"The High and Mighty Princess Marie de Medicis, widow of Henry IV, and mother of the reigning King!"

The first message of Governor Campbell was communicated to the Tennessee Legislature on the 28th ultimo. It occupies only two columns of the *Nashville Banner*, and, with the exception of a couple of paragraphs in commendation of the Compromise measures, is exclusively devoted to State affairs. He devotes much attention to internal improvements, and states that $2,600,000 have been subscribed to the Memphis and Charleston road; over $2,000,000 to the road from Louisville to Nashville, and above $150,000 to the road from Nashville to Columbia. All these works, he says, deserve the countenance of the State. The mode of electing Judges and Attorneys General he urges should be changed, and suggests that they be chosen by the people. The finances of the State are in a healthy condition, with a surplus in the Treasury.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1851.

THE CAUSE AND CHAMPIONS OF LIBERTY IN EUROPE.

Kossuth has at last reached Southampton, and the people there have received him with the honors due to his exalted character and services. Lord Palmerston, too, has intimated a willingness to grant him a public audience, should he desire it. The London *Times*, then, is not the organ of either the People or Government of England. Its fierce assaults on the great Hungarian have proved as impotent as the petty attacks of its humble imitators among American ex-honorables and attachés.

Some of our cotemporaries think Kossuth is a very ill-behaved man, if all the stories told by the above-named gentry are true; if he really did wish to confer with his fellow-revolutionists at certain points on the Mediterranean; if it be true that an Italian Jew is his business man or factor, that badly-dressed, dirty-looking "Jews, Gentiles, and Infidels," are found in his train, that he affiliated with democratic fugitives from oppression. They hope all this is false—they hope he behaved more like a gentleman than to be caught in such company, and to be sympathizing with any but respectable, well-to-do people, too refined to consort with the unshorn, unwashed masses—they trust that it will be proved that he has been duly impressed with the immense honor of being admitted to take passage on board an American man-of-war, that the weight of this obligation has effaced from his mind all recollections of his country, and that he will proceed at once to our shores, and make a proper return for our unparalleled kindness, by becoming a peaceful squatter in the West. They fear, however, that he has mistaken his mission, the genius of our institutions, the rights of our flag, and the purpose for which the Mississippi was put at his disposal, and they would have him know that this was a mere charity, the sole object being to bring him to a safe asylum, where he might shift for himself in as quiet a manner as possible.

Judging from the tone of letter-writers and Washington organs, even our staid and respectable Government appears to be shocked at the burning words of Freedom Kossuth is pouring out into the ears of Europe—to be in some trepidation lest it should lose caste or incur danger, by sheltering under the stars and stripes a man who dares on board a United States vessel defy oppression and predict its downfall. The Ministers of the Allied Powers, seeing its timidity, if reports be true, are about to protest against a public reception to the illustrious exile; and should it be granted, demand their passports.

Very good. Give Kossuth a reception, and let them go to the ——— their employers.

We submit to our countrymen, whether it is not time to have done with such foolery. Kossuth to-day is precisely what he was two years ago, when Daniel Webster paid him such a tribute as no American statesman has paid to any European Patriot. He is more feared and hated by the European Despots than any other man. Upon him and Mazzini, more than any other two men, rests the cause of Popular Freedom in Europe. Read the following eloquent synopsis of the man's acts, from the *New York Daily Times*, whose course in relation to the champions of Popular Rights abroad is worthy of all praise:

"From time to time the Magyar race had made gigantic efforts to break their chains. Battles were fought, heroic labors were performed, great men arose as leaders, and the dark despotism of Austria was illuminated by fierce but transient gleams of patriotic endeavor on the part of the subject people. But all had been in vain. Hungary lay to all appearance dead. Her people were crushed by the most oppressive imposts, the most cruel enactments. The great mass of them had been serfs, bound to the soil by Austrian law, bought and sold like Southern slaves. Maria Theresa had modified their condition to some extent, but still they were subject, in property, in personal liberty, and in military fealty, to the dominant race.

"The Hungarian Diet of 1832 laid the basis of a Democratic movement. Composed, as it was, mainly of land-holding classes, it took great strides towards the emancipation of the peasant serfs. Every male inhabitant of mature age was made a voter. The language of the country was restored to its laws. National institutions were incorporated and endowed. Public works of internal improvement were constructed. And all needful steps were taken to elevate that depressed and sinking land to the freedom and condition of a modern State. All these measures were steadily opposed by the Austrian Government; but they were advocated with energy and eloquence by the young and resolute patriots of the Hungarian Diet. Foremost among them, in activity, enthusiastic devotion to the cause of his country, and in overwhelming power, was Louis Kossuth. Debarred by his position from taking part in the debates, he spoke to the great mass of the Hungarian people through the press. He was seized by myrmidons of Austrian law, in the dead of night, on the banks of the Danube, blindfolded, and thrown into a dungeon. After a long time he was brought out, subjected to the form of a trial, condemned, and let down into a deep, damp dungeon, within the castle of Buda Pesth.

"His imprisonment did more for the cause than his presence. He was regarded as a martyr to the liberty of speech. For three years, while he lay in his unwholesome dungeon, his patriotic fellow-laborers were at work upon the public mind; and when he emerged, in broken health but with heart untouched and unabated courage, he found his countrymen ripe for the work of self-deliverance. All men sought him; all were ready to labor with him. In 1847, in spite of Austrian gold, he was returned a member of the National Assembly for the city of Pesth. He became at once the leader of that great body, and the champion of his country's cause. Unrivalled as a debater, clear, bold, uncompromising in the service he had undertaken, he roused the whole nation to a sense of its wrongs, and demanded from Austria a restoration of the rights of the Hungarian people. He claimed her old Constitution. He sought no new privilege; he only demanded that her old degree of independence should be restored. He carried the Assembly with him. A deputation was appointed to the Emperor. Kossuth was upon it. The Emperor yielded every point—conceded the Constitution, appointed a Cabinet, and the Hungarian Revolution was complete. A Constitution was proclaimed by the Emperor; the Revolution was legally confirmed; and every house in Vienna blazed with the illumination of rejoicing at the event.

"The Assembly of 1847, Kossuth being foremost, set itself zealously to work to carry out the desired reforms. Laws were passed, mainly through Kossuth's influence, establishing perfect equality of civil rights and burdens among all classes, emancipating every serf, tolerating all religions, transferring to the peasants half the land of the kingdom, and investing them with full civil and political rights. The elective franchise was extended; the nobles were required to pay taxes; special legislation for particular classes was abolished; and eight millions of the public money were devoted to such internal improvements as the condition of the country required. All these laws were laid before the King for his signature. He gave it, and solemnly swore that he would support the said laws, and cause them to be respected. This was upon the 11th of April, 1848.

"Universal joy reigned throughout the kingdom. Never had so great a work been accomplished in so short a time. Never had one man shone forth so proudly pre-eminent, as Kossuth through all this struggle.

"This joy did not continue long. Ferdinand soon proved himself a worthy scion of his house. He proved as treacherous as the worst of his predecessors. He set himself diligently at work to destroy the laws he had sworn to support. He fomented rebellion in Hungary; disavowed the act; deposed his own agent; revoked the act; and by a series of falsehoods, as shameless as even an Emperor could devise, plunged into war with the kingdom whose independence he had but just confirmed. Kossuth became again the soul of the contest. His clarion voice summoned the millions of his native land to the defence of their rights. His transcendent genius disciplined, organized, and wielded their armies. Courage, method, and power, sprung up at his word. Victory waited upon his steps. The power of Austria was hurled back from the Hungarian borders, and even the capital was within his grasp. Russia poured forth her hosts to the aid of Austria. Kossuth, the animating spirit of the nation, still maintained the struggle—still continued to be victorious. His deeds rang throughout the world. His name was upon every tongue. Admiration of his genius, faith in his purposes, joy at his success, filled every heart. He fell, and his country fell, at last—not in open war, but through the purchased treason of one of her sons. The whole world wept over her fate, and the sympathies of all nations went with Kossuth and his companions to his Turkish prison."

Such is the cause which Austrian Despotism and its agents would discredit; such the man, whom American attachés and ex-honorables would represent as "a humbug and a demagogue," and Conservative journals in the United States treat as at least a very suspicious character!

So long had we been habituated in this country to the detraction and abuse of those of our citizens distinguished for their hatred of Oppression, that our sensibilities had become blunted—we took it all as a matter of course—use reconciles one to anything. One ceases to think of a long-standing ulcer; but when the virus breaks out in a new place, attention is arrested, and a new sensation of loathing comes over us. So, when we saw the latent hatred of the Rights of Mankind manifesting itself in an unexpected way against the noblest defenders of Liberty abroad, we felt once more the indignation and contempt with which in the commencement of our Anti-Slavery career we regarded the base libellers of Freedom's champions.

Down with all tyrants, with their aiders, abettors and apologists! And all honor to the men, of whatever clime, who have planted their artillery and staked their lives for the overthrow of Oppression!

THE HUNGARIANS—NEW BUDA—EXCOMMUNICATION.

Our readers recollect that some time since we published a correspondence showing that Mr. Corcoran of this place had given seventeen hundred dollars, to enable a company of Hungarian exiles, in New York, numbering over one hundred, to reach New Buda, where ex-Governor Ujhazi has settled. It is the desire of the Hungarians driven to seek refuge in this country, to remain together, so that, at a moment's warning, they may return to fight for the Freedom of their Fatherland. Their faith is strong that the hour of their country's deliverance will soon come.

Owing to the delay of their departure from New York, heavy expenses were incurred for their board, which the Committee, superintending the arrangements for their journey, undertook to defray in part out of the donation of Mr. Corcoran. We see not what right they had to appropriate any portion of this money to any other purpose than that for which it was expressly given—their transportation to New Buda.

The result was, that, with very reduced means, they were obliged to set out from New York, and, on arriving at Chicago, they found themselves unable to proceed further. Captain Brick, the leader of the company, immediately waited upon the Mayor, and deposited with him the three hundred dollars, which he had received of the money given by Mr. Corcoran, to be held sacredly for the use originally intended.

The People of Chicago manifested praiseworthy liberality. Public meetings were held—resolutions in favor of Hungarian Liberty and its defenders were passed, and a committee was constituted to raise money to relieve the immediate wants of the exiles and find them employment. The citizens, we learn, responded with liberality to the call made upon them; nearly all the strangers have found employment, and proper exertions will soon make the rest comfortable. Meantime, Captain Brick, with a few others, by advice of Major Tochman, who has labored incessantly for their welfare, will probably proceed to New Buda, for the purpose of making necessary arrangements for transporting the whole body of the exiles to that settlement.

A correspondent of Major Tochman at Chicago has communicated some facts, which the public ought to know. They will expose one source of the hostility manifested against the cause of Hungarian freedom and its supporters. The letter is dated Chicago, November 3, 1851.

"Saturday last, nineteen Hungarians arrived in town, from the company of forty who left New York before Captain Brick. They had found employment on one of the railroads near here, and gave entire satisfaction; but Sunday before last, *when one of the number was reading the Bible* to his comrades, they were attacked by an overpowering force—said to be Irish—armed with guns, &c. Their Bible and some of their clothing were thrown in the fire, and they themselves driven into the woods, where they passed the night. The next day they were entreated by the engineer to leave."

And they did leave. We know not how much a selfish spirit of competition, how much religious bigotry, set on fire by unscrupulous priests, had to do with this outrage, but we do know that every man concerned in it ought to have been at once dismissed. The engineer did a very mean thing in turning the Hungarians out of employment, unless, indeed, he was compelled to do it by the Irish laborers, and, if that were the case, measures should be taken to punish them according to law. We are willing to accommodate in this country all emigrants from abroad, but, no one class will be tolerated in a selfish attempt at monopoly. Our suggestion that religious bigotry may have had something to do with the outrage on these Hungarians, receives confirmation from the following statement in another part of the letter:

"He (Captain Brick) was just here, and is in great distress, as he and his company were excommunicated yesterday by one of the German Catholic priests of this city. The priest said that these men were not honest nor trustworthy, and so on—the characteristic style of excommunication. Captain Brick is a man that would ornament any position."

This but confirms what we have said in another column. Priestcraft is the ally of despotism; and priestcraft in America is the same as in Europe. On what ground have these Hungarians been excommunicated? They are not charged with heresy; but they fought for a Government, one of the first acts of which was the toleration of all religions, and against a despotism, which is in close alliance with the Catholic hierarchy. The German priest in Chicago sympathizes with his brother priest in Austria, and both are enemies of Republicanism and Republicans.

Captain Brick need not distress himself. Excommunication in this country has no terrors. His bread and water are sure, and so is his reputation, though the church may curse him. Priestcraft subjects itself to contempt by its antiquated manifestation of imbecile vengeance. Let tyranny beware. Americans will no more tolerate it in the garb of an ecclesiastic than of a civil ruler. If the Catholic priests in this country desire to provoke the bitter hatred of the American People, let them show themselves allies or emmissaries of European despots—nothing more will be wanted.

For the National Era.

DRAWING WATER.

BY MISS PHŒBE CAREY.

I had drunk, with lip unsated,
  Where the founts of pleasure burst;
I had hewn out broken cisterns,
  And they mocked my spirit's thirst:

And I said, life is a desert,
  Hot, and measureless, and dry;
And God will not give me water,
  Though I pray, and faint, and die.

Spoke there then a friend and brother,
  "Rise, and roll the stone away;
There are founts of life up-springing
  In thy pathway every day."

Then I said, my heart was sinful,
  Very sinful was my speech;
All the wells of God's salvation
  Are too deep for me to reach.

And he answered, "Rise and labor—
  Doubt and idleness is death;
Shape thee out a goodly vessel,
  With the strong hands of thy faith."

So I sought and shaped the vessel,
  Then knelt lowly, humbly there,
And I drew up living water
  With the golden chain of prayer.

The *Freeman's Journal* of New York, Catholic paper, edited by a convert from Protestantism, says—

"So the Pope does not thank anybody for that freedom Catholicity enjoys in America. Catholic Bishops do not thank anybody. We thank nobody. We bless God for his Providence in the matter, and stand ready to pull the silly nose of the first Methodist or Presbyterian that in act would attempt to prevent us in the free exercise of our religion. If any of them doubt, let them try it."

What a meek disciple of Jesus! But, while so exultant at the Freedom secured by Protestantism in the United States, why not insist that the same Freedom be conceded by Catholicism in Rome? We do not ask the Pope to return thanks for the liberty his subjects enjoy in America, but he would act more like a decent man and respectable Christian, if he would emulate American liberality.

PRIESTCRAFT IN EUROPE.

The Roman Catholic Priesthood in Europe is generally the foe of Republicanism. The Revolutionists of Poland and Hungary found Priestcraft always in alliance with Absolutism. This is not surprising, as all forms of Oppression belong to one family, are animated by one Principle. They all consist primarily *in a denial of the Manhood of the Individual.* Spiritual slavery is twin sister of civil vassalage. The Church that seeks to annihilate the personality of the man in spiritual matters, must affiliate generally with the State that would extinguish his personality in civil affairs. There have been times when a Despotic Church has arrayed itself against a Despotic State, in apparent defence of the liberties of the People, but such cases are exceptional, and the object sought to be obtained, the absolute supremacy of the Church over all rivals in authority, must divest it of any claim to be regarded as favorable to Human Liberty.

Nothing can be more true than that the habit of implicit submission to authority, in respect to our highest relations, must foster a spirit of servility in all other relations. Men must be prepared, if not to throw off the superstitutions of a corrupt Faith, at least the habit of blind submission to Spiritual Authority, before they can rise to the dignity of rebels against Civil Despotism. Protestantism and Republicanism are natural allies; the former is the preparation and impulse to the latter. The Spiritual Freeman cannot remain a Civil Bondsman. His assertion and assumption of the right to decide what he owes to God, must inevitably be followed by a declaration of his right to decide what he owes to man.

By Protestantism we mean the doctrine that every man has the right of independent judgment and action in religious matters—a doctrine which, held in sincerity, understood in its length and breadth, and applied honestly and consistently will prove the Emancipating Principle of the World.

To say that all Protestant churches thus hold, understand, and apply it, is false. Their *organization* rests upon this doctrine; in *theory* they acknowledge it; but its practice must be looked for among individual men, in and out of these organizations, and occasionally to be found among Catholics themselves.

The Catholic clergy in Ireland amidst all revolutionary movements in that island have maintained their supremacy over the minds of the People, and what has been gained there of substantial Liberty? When the Repeal movement had been carried to a certain point, did not the priesthood interpose, and was not O'Connell compelled to bow in humiliation to its demands? But, what other results could have been expected, had a *Protestant* clergy, so-called, constituted exclusively of such men as Drs. Spring, Lord, and Dewey, and other contemners of the "higher law" doctrine, and ultra supporters of the divine right of rulers, occupied the places of the Catholic Priests? In this country, we find the Priests and the "Lower Law" Protestant Divines, rivalling each other in hostility to revolutionary movements; but it is with the former that we now have to deal. Here is a specimen of their feeling towards revolutionists, copied from an editorial in the *Freeman's Journal*, the Catholic organ in New York:

"At this moment 'public opinion'—that is, not the opinion of most people, much less the opinion of men of honest reflection, but the gassy explosions of cheap advertising sheets and needy penny-a-liners who do up professed opinions for the public at the dictation of a few impudent speculators—this 'public opinion' is just now too much inflated to permit men to hear the truth for the moment. When the Dutch woman who goes by the Polish name of Jagiollo arrived in this country, the man would have been cried down as a brute who would have published about her what was indeed on the face of affairs the probable inference from her position, and what now, not only in print, but in private quarters of unquestionable reliability, is known to have come short of the truth concerning her. We *now* wish joy of their company to those very respectable people who made such haste to introduce the unknown heroine to their wives and daughters.

"In like manner we just now content ourselves with noting down the men and the parties who rush into spending the money of other people, instead of their own, in giving Kossuth a public reception. He will soon be here. Americans will see him close at hand. If he has the sense, like Ujhazy, to profit by the gullibility of the Americans, and to turn farmer, at their expense, why, we shall say nothing more about it than that the public money has been spent in turning an adventurer into a respectable man; but if he proves a firebrand and a factionist on American soil, and continues to plot for the ruin of social peace, then the public authorities, who have spent money and prostituted the name of our country and our Government by linking it with the uncongenial shadow of Red Republicanism in Europe, shall be held to a rigorous account."

The accomplished Mrs. Tochman can suffer no harm from the abuse of a ruffian, and will rejoice to suffer persecution with such patriots as Kossuth and Ujhazy.

The same paper vilifies the adventurers who attempted to revolutionize Cuba, (the Catholic religion being there ascendant and exclusive,) and justifies the cold-blooded conduct of the American Consul towards the unhappy prisoners who were shot after a mock trial.

The Catholic priests, as we are informed, make no secret of their hostility to Hungarian and Italian Independence. Kossuth was in favor of recognising the rights of conscience, and among his great reforms he sought to divest the clergy, as he had done the nobility, of certain exclusive privileges oppressive to the masses. As to Italian Independence, it is well understood by its leading Champion, that a necessary step to its accomplishment will be, the restriction of the Pope to ecclesiastical affairs, and the complete separation between Church and State. The great majority of European revolutionists, who are Catholics, while retaining their faith in the doctrines and ceremonials of the Church, generally, abhor Priestcraft, repudiate the authority of the Priests, and regard that order as an obstacle to the regeneration of Europe. No wonder that they should be viewed with distrust and insidiously assailed by members of the order everywhere—for everywhere it has but one heart, soul, mind, and policy.

DISUNION.

The following statistics from the *Philadelphia North American*, will enable us to judge of the full dimensions of the bugbear, Disunion:

"The *Palmeto Flag*, of Charleston, gives the following table of returns, in round numbers, of the secession and anti-secession votes in those four States, which we adopt, merely heading two of the colums Anti-Secession and Secession, instead of Submission and Resistance, and adding the sum totals in the fifth line:

	Total vote.	Anti-Secession.	Secession.	Anti-S. maj.	Per. ct. maj.
Mississippi	50,100	28,700	21,400	7,300	14
Alabama	74,800	40,500	34,300	6,200	8
Georgia	90,000	54,000	36,000	18,000	20
S. Carolina	40,500	24,000	16,500	7,500	19
Total	255,400	147,200	108,200	39,000	15

We have here a vote of more than a quarter million of suffrages, representing three millions of souls, the population of the four States, equal to one-eighth part of the entire population of the United States."

The Washington *Union* remarks, justly enough, that nowhere, except in South Carolina was the issue of secession directly presented. In all the other States the Southern-Rights party polled a large portion of its vote under the idea that the act of secession was not contemplated. This was not the issue, even in South Carolina; for the pretended advocates of disunion knew that all the other States had declared for the Union, so that in no contingency was there a possibility of the meeting of a Southern Congress.

There never was any danger of disunion, and the facts presented above, prove it; but Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and Lewis Cass, having been panic-stricken themselves, succeeded in frightening the North, and are now laboring to convince everybody that the Union has been saved alone by their patriotic exertions.

The truth is, there is just as much reason now for a disunion movement in the South, as there ever was. The anti-slavery sentiment of the North has suffered no abatement. People there are just as much opposed to the extension of slavery as ever; it is no easier to recover fugitives now than it used to be; and as for agitation stopping, everybody knows that it is going on with renewed vigor. There never was any intention on the part of the body of Northern citizens, to assail the rights of the South or to usurp power over slavery; there is no such intention now; there never will be; but, there has been for eighteen years past a growing Public Sentiment against the evil, and there is no prospect that it will cease to grow until it pervade the South as well as the North. If this were ever a reason for Disunion, it should operate now, as strongly as ever it did. But, the truth is, the *People* of the South did not propose such a measure seriously, and the abortive results of the apparently revolutionary movements in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, show this conclusively. Had our anxieties ever been awakened for the Union, we should join in the general exultation on the defeat of what is called the Secession party; for we are as devoted to the Union as the loudest declaimers in favor of it; but, as it is, we can only congratulate our countrymen upon having got rid of a very unpleasant night-mare. Threats against the Union have been heard from time to time in both sections of the country, from the organization of the Government, but the People generally are more wedded to the Union now, than they were during the first quarter of a century after the formation of the Constitution.

THE POSITION OF PARTIES.

The *Republic*, the special organ of the Administration, transfers to its columns the whole of our article in last week's *Era*, on the position of parties, and the relations of Mr. Fillmore to the South, and says:

"We are willing to take the *Era's* indictment as it stands, and to ground upon it the strongest justification of its policy that any Administration can desire to offer."

The Administration then, if its organ fairly represent it, admits that we have done it but justice, in presenting it as the most potent support at this time of the slave power, and on this ground it rests its "strongest justification."

We infer, that the *Republic* either has no Northern subscribers, or does not recognise any North, or is under the impression that the anti-slavery element of the North is too insignificant to be considered in a calculation of political chances.

While noticing one part of the article of the *Republic*, commenting on our views, we may as well correct a gross misrepresentation contained in the following extract:

"Its hostility to the PRESIDENT and his advisers has long been a matter of notoriety; it has denounced their policy, domestic and foreign, and has uniformly held them up to the reprobation of its friends as the most formidable antagonists of the abolitionists' cause. It has almost uniformly been found fighting side by side with the *Union* on every topic but that of slavery. Their sympathies run together in behalf of everything that partakes of a filibustering character; they joined in vindicating Lopez and his followers, and in condemning the Presidential action against them; they sing in chorus the praises of a whole host of liberating heroes; and are invited by the Syracuse abolitionists to give currency to their proceedings."

We plead guilty to the charge of deeply sympathizing with all revolutionary movements, sincerely and wisely directed to the extension of popular rights and the extinction of despotism, and if this be "filibustering," we glory in it. The authors of the Declaration of Independence were illustrious "filibusters." Lopez aimed to give liberty to his Cuban countrymen; for this we honored him, though his reward was the death of a malefactor. Had success crowned his efforts, the *Republic* would now be glorifying, instead vilifying him. But, we did not approve of the organization of armed bands in this country, and their sailing from our shores to invade a Government with which we were at peace; we did not attempt to plead for or excuse any violation of our treaty obligations; we did not blame the President for using all the means at his disposal to prevent armed expeditions from this country, and to maintain the good faith of the Government. Though unable to see the propriety of stigmatizing the adventurers as "pirates," we expressly sustained the action of the Executive, intended to preserve a strict and an honorable neutrality. Nor while holding up the domestic policy of the Administration on the slavery question to reprobation, have we uniformly assailed its foreign policy, although, if the appointment of Judge Sharkey to be consul at Havana, and the unfriendliness manifested towards Kossuth and his revolutionary friends, through the columns of its organs at the seat of Government, are fair indications of the character of its foreign policy hereafter, we shall be constrained to denounce it, as utterly recreant to the cause of popular freedom. We are no partisan—have no personal cause of dislike to the President—have nothing personally to gain by assailing him—have always been prepossessed by his amiability as a man—and nothing but a sense of duty has ever constrained us to criticize his Administration. From our position, it is impossible that party considerations should control us, so that when we praise or blame, our purpose is, to do it honestly, without fear or favor. What we deeply regret is that we see so little to commend, so much to censure.

For the National Era.

ANNUARY.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

O, sorrowful and faded years,
  Gathered away a time age,
How could your deaths the fount of tears
  Have troubled to an overflow?

I muse upon the songs I made
  Beneath the maple's yellow limbs,
When down the aisles of their cold shade
  Sounded the wild birds' farewell hymns;

But no sad spell my spirit binds,
  As when, in days on which it broods,
October hunted with the winds
  Along the reddening sunset woods.

Alas, the seasons come and go,
  Brightly or dimly rise and set
The days, but stir no fount of woe,
  Nor kindle hope nor wake regret.

I sit with the complaining night,
  And underneath the waning moon,
As when the lilies, large and white,
  Lay round the forehead of the June.

What time within a snowy grave
  Closed the blue eyes so heavenly dear,
Darkness swept o'er me like a wave,
  And time has nothing that I fear.

The golden wings of summer hours
  Make to my heart a dirge-like sound,
The spring's sweet boughs of bridal flowers
  Lie bright across a smooth capped mound.

What care I that I sing to-day
  Where sound not the old plaintive hymns,
And where the mountains hide away
  The sunset maple's yellow limbs.

The *National Era* charges us with fanaticism in expressing, as we did some days ago, sympathy for the oppressed, and a wish that this country should take a more republican part in favor of the persecuted in Europe, than it does through its representatives in general.
Southern Press.

By no means: we, too, are guilty of such fanaticism. What we charged upon the *Press* was, that it had become a convert to the doctrine of the "Higher Law:" and is not that dreadful? What fanaticism so horrible as that which assumes that there can be a "higher law" than human law? We did suppose that the *Southern Press* would avoid all such extravagances. Alas, for its apostacy!

POSTMASTER AT EUFAULA.

"We notice, says the *Columbus* (Ga.) *Sentinel*, that the President has removed Mr. J. H. Danforth from the post office at Eufaula, Alabama, and appointed Benjamin Gardner, Esq., editor of the *Shield*, in his place. Mr. Danforth was a most efficient and popular officer, and his sole offence has been his refusal to be the instrument in circulating Abolition documents through the post office. Nine-tenths of those interested in the office were opposed to his removal. A meeting has been called, to take place in the Town Hall this evening, to take into consideration the recent outrage committed by the Abolition Government at Washington on the citizens of Eufaula, by the removal of the late postmaster."

The *National Era* exchanges with about two hundred newspapers in the slaveholding States, of all parties and sects, a majority of them political, and leading papers in their respective parties. Always welcoming cordially such an exchange, we have never been importunate for it, but have generally left it to our Southern friends to make the first overture, unwilling to be regarded as obtrusive. Applications from the South for an exchange are of common occurrence, and we have not heard that any postmaster has ventured to interpose an official veto on the exchange. We have also a considerable number of subscribers scattered throughout all the States of the South, who, with rare exceptions, are accustomed to receive their papers regularly.

Nearly a year ago, an old citizen of Eufaula, a Southerner by birth, and who had been in the military service of his country, desiring to read the *Era*, though not entirely concurring in all its views, sent us an order for it, with the subscription money. His name was entered, and the paper regularly forwarded. Soon after, it was returned by the postmaster at Eufaula, Mr. Danforth, with a note, announcing that he had not delivered it, nor would he deliver any such paper. This, of course, was an act of resistance to the authority of the United States, and a plain violation of his oath of office. It was an outrage on the rights of an American citizen, an act of censorship to which no independent man could submit without degradation, and which, if tolerated, was a precedent for the exercise of similar tyranny in other cases. If the *Era* could be thus arrested at a post office, where it was obnoxious, the *Union* or *Republic* might be arrested, in post offices, where one or the other might be regarded as odious.

It seems to us that the duty of the Postmaster General was obvious: it was to dismiss the offending postmaster, and appoint one in his place who would keep his oath of office. Would not that have been his course, had some "higher law" deputy at the North refused to deliver the *Republic* to subscribers, on account of its pro-slavery notions?

We submitted to him a statement of the facts, accompanied by the letter of Mr. Danforth. A note of inquiry, as we were informed, was sent to that gentleman requesting an explanation. In due time an answer came, confirming our representation, and submitting in his justification a newspaper report of the proceedings of a meeting at Eufaula, which resolved that he had done right, that they would sustain him in his course, and that were he dismissed on account of his conduct, no man should occupy his post!

We heard no more of the matter, except that the petty censor was continued in office, having defied the authority of the Federal Government, and been sustained in his resistance by a combination of citizens. It was suggested that application should be made to the President for a Proclamation, and for instructions, through Mr. Crittenden, to the District Attorney to prosecute the conspirators for Treason, but it was cruel to embarrass the President with so many trials for Treason at one time, and so we let the thing "slide," only holding up from time to time the inconsistency of executing law so rigidly in the North, and winking so hard at law-breakers in the South.

If the paragraph quoted above be true, it would seem that the Administration has at last done justice to Mr. Danforth, but we are not sure that a civil war may not follow. A meeting is called to take into consideration this outrage—that is, the removal of a postmaster for violating his oath of office.

We begin to smell Treason. Will not somebody in Eufaula be considerate enough to read to the excited People Judge Kane's charge respecting Treason?

☞ As we dislike to see People in distress, we would just hint that possibly Mr. Danforth might have been removed for political offences against the Union Party of Alabama.

A HARD CASE.

The Pennsylvania *Statesman* says: "That on Wednesday, a man named William Jones, living in Philadelphia, with his wife and five children, was turned into the street by his landlord, Robert L. Corey, for non-payment of rent. On Thursday morning, the whole family were found by the marshal's police, alongside of an old burnt stone house. They had remained there without shelter, all night, and were shivering with cold, and half famished. Jones, the father of the family, is a shoemaker, but, in consequence of extreme ill health, has been unable to pay his way. His wife is represented as a very fine woman. One of his children is an infant. They are all American-born people. Their case is one that may justly excite both commiseration and charity. Loud complaints are made against both the landlord and the officer who dispossessed them, under the peculiar circumstances."

The above is a good specimen of the result of freedom among the white population. There are numberless instances of the same kind, even in this country of boasted wealth and liberty.
Southern Press.

Of course, our neighbors intend to recommend slavery "among the white population," as the remedy for such evil. Had William Jones, for example, and his wife and five children, been the slaves of Robert L. Corey, they would not have been turned out of house and home. There is nothing new under the sun. We recollect a Scotch writer who, some two centuries ago, being deeply pained at the condition of the poor people of Scotland, drew up a plan for their enslavement, which he recommended to the public, arguing with much plausibility that the relation of slavery would at least secure them shelter and food, which they were not always able to secure in a state of freedom. We commend the views of that writer to our cotemporaries; they may furnish some important hints as to the best mode of meliorating the condition of the white people of the North, by making one half of them slaves to the other half. As the relation is one sanctioned by Revelation, doubtless our philanthropic neighbors would find some of our most learned Doctors of Divinity useful helps in carrying out their benevolent scheme. And, indeed, if they would confine the scheme to such men as Robert L. Corey, we are not sure but they might count on our aid; for it would not be amiss for such creatures to be disciplined, at least for a reasonable length of time, under an overseer's lash.

CHRISTIANA PRISONERS—TREASON.

The Christiana prisoners, it would seem, are to expect less mercy from their countrymen than the American prisoners from the Spanish Government.

A telegraphic despatch from Philadelphia, October 31, says: "The Grand Jury in the United States District Court this morning returned thirty-nine bills against the persons implicated in the Christiana outrage, thus making in all one hundred and seventeen true bills against the prisoners for participation in this affair."

The editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman* says:

"Mr. Ashmead, the Attorney General, stated in our hearing, the other day, that they would be tried first for treason; if they were not convicted, they (or at least a part of them) would next go to Lancaster, and be tried for murder. If not convicted of that crime, then they will come back into the hands of the United States, and be tried on the indictments above named."

The prosecution in this affair assumes all the features of a diabolical persecution.

Ex-President Tyler lately wrote a letter to the Spanish Minister at Washington, interceding for the pardon of the American adventurers, who attempted to overthrow the Spanish Government in Cuba. And yet, that Government did not intend to hang them—its purpose was to confine them in the mines.

These Christiana prisoners made no war against our Government; the greatest offence committed by any of them was a misdemeanor; while some of them, it is notorious, were not present at the riot, or in any way aiding or abetting. But, under instructions from our merciful Government, they are to be arraigned for Treason, the penalty of which is death. To make sure of their blood, should this attempt fail, they are then to be tried for murder. Should this fail, then forty bills save one still stare them in the face, carefully prepared by the Federal District Attorney, so as to hedge them in on every side.

Does Mr. Ashmead act without instructions? The letter of Mr. Crittenden, Attorney General, to the District Attorney at Syracuse, enjoining the execution of the laws there against offenders, has been published by the *Republic*. Not a word in it about Treason—a very decent sort of letter, manifesting a decorous regard for the majesty of the law. It had been charged that the District Attorney at Syracuse was instructed to prosecute for Treason; this letter of Mr. Crittenden was published, apparently to show the groundlessness of the charge—*and it appeared before the election in New York.*

It has been repeatedly charged that Mr. Ashmead, in prosecuting for Treason in Philadelphia, has acted under instructions from Washington. The charge remains uncontradicted, and no letter of instructions from Mr. Crittenden appears in the *Republic*. Did he not write such a letter? Was the Christiana offence less serious than the Syracuse? Was the Administration asleep when the former was committed? Surely if a letter from the Attorney General was required in the Syracuse affair, much more was such a letter required in relation to the Christiana riot. Where is *that* letter? Why is it not published? If it contained no instructions to prosecute for Treason, its publication would at least acquit the Attorney General of suspicion. Until we have a denial of the charge, we have a right to hold the Administration responsible for these infamous prosecutions for Treason.

We call them infamous, and Public Sentiment will yet sanction this denunciation.

Judge Kane's charge introduced a new definition of Treason, unknown to our Constitution, repugnant to the character, the institutions, the liberties of the American People. The Washington *Union*, the *Pennsylvanian* of Philadelphia, and the Washington *Republic*, gave it prominent place in their columns, and commended it as a clear and conclusive exposition of the Law of Treason. They did not know what they said. They soon learned, from indications which editors readily understand, that they had committed themselves to doctrines which would be repudiated even by the Courts of monarchical England, and they suddenly betook themselves to silence. Not a word has since appeared in their columns about Treason. Previously, the *Republic* was flaming with declamation about Treason and Traitors; but it now leaves Mr. Attorney Ashmead to bear the burden of these infamous prosecutions. Better confess your errors, gentlemen, and confess that you did not know what you were about when you gave your sanction to the vile doctrine of Constructive Treason, borrowed by the intolerant Chase, and his disciple Judge Kane, from the bloody Jeffreys.

COMPETITION.

The effect of the policy of Protection on the inventive genius of a People may be learned from the following admissions of the London *Daily News*, concerning the display of its countrymen at the World's Fair:

"One great good that the Exhibition has done has been to explode the notion that an immense amount of unnoticed talent lies buried in the various towns and villages of England. We believe we are safe in asserting that *not a single new principle, not a single novel application of an old one, has been brought to light in the thousand and one models which have been sent in by workingmen and amateur mechanics.* On the contrary, they exhibit the most whimsical conceit and puerile contrivances, and must have cost a melancholy waste of time, which would have been prevented by a little elementary education. In this point of view, the collection is instructive, and may well occupy one of the closing days of the season."

Our neighbors of the *Republic* are constantly deploring the injury alleged to be sustained by this country from competition with foreign labor and enterprise. It would have a system of high protection to secure the development and reward of native genius and enterprise. We have seen from the admissions of the London *Daily News* what *Protection* has done for skill in the arts in Great Britain: let us see from the boasts of the Washington *Republic* what *Competition* has done for them in this country, which has not yet attained the age of many ordinary men:

"While England is determinedly measuring her strength, and endeavoring to ascertain how far the industrial ability of other countries can be made to minister to her greatness, is it not worth the while of our countrymen to see if they can derive no profitable lesson from the exhibition just closed? *Whether on land or on water, they have confessedly carried off the prize; they have demonstrated their superiority in more than one important branch of industry; and their department, though deficient in gimcracks and gewgaws, has displayed the variety and extent of resources of which we may well be proud.*"

Such admissions can suggest but one inference, and that is, the less People rely upon Government, and the more they trust themselves, the more solid will be the foundations of their prosperity, the more rapid the development of inventive talent, the more satisfactory its rewards.

LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

We have been requested to publish the following form of a petition, now in circulation in Ohio and other States:

To the Honorable the Senate of the United States in Congress assembled:

"The undersigned, citizens of the State of Ohio, do pray that the present laws regulating our diplomatic intercourse with foreign nations may be so altered and amended that all our ministers and agents, of every grade, may enjoy liberty of conscience and the rights of American citizens in all countries where our Government is represented, on the principle of reciprocity, to the same extent allowed by our laws to all foreign representatives residing at the seat of our Government.

"We believe the time has fully come for such a standard of right to be set by the Government of the United States as an example; and that all intercourse should be withdrawn from a nation that would not allow this right. By complying with this wish of your petitioners, you will confer a great blessing upon your fellow-men. As in duty bound, we will ever pray."

The subject of the petition is one calling for the attention of Congress. We presume that there is no nation in which the representatives of the American People may not enjoy the rights of conscience, so far as private judgment, and worship in their own houses are concerned. But the public worship of Protestants is forbidden in some Catholic countries.

The American Union has set a noble example of reverence for the rights of conscience. It does not *tolerate* all forms of religious belief and worship, but it recognises such forms as *equally entitled* to exemption from disturbance or interference. It does not pretend to *permit* men to worship as they please; it acknowledges their *right* to do so. A striking illustration of the freedom so characteristic of our institutions is the erection of heathen temples in one of the States of this Union by the Chinese immigrants; and the fact that no surprise is manifested, even by the most sectarian of our citizens, shows how well the doctrine of the rights of conscience is understood in this country.

We agree with the prayer of the petition, so far as it asks for the interference of our Government to secure complete liberty of conscience for our ministers residing at foreign courts; but whether the time has yet come to renounce all intercourse where this liberty is not conceded, is a matter for consideration. We are inclined to view it as an ultimate resort, to be tried only when other measures of a less stringent character have failed.

PRESIDENTIAL.—The Philadelphia *Sun* urges warmly Millard Fillmore as a candidate for the Presidency. It says "it is conceded that party lines are broken down before the force of these new issues, (the Slavery question,) and that party fealty can no longer bind its members to old usages." Millard Fillmore, being opposed to any disturbance of the Compromise measures, is *the* man for the crisis. "Between him and his constituency," says the *Sun*, "there is no necessity of a nominating Convention," and it therefore asks to be informed, authoritatively, whether Fillmore will consent to run. He "is the candidate pointed out by expediency!" &c. it is "false delicacy to remain silent, while others are taking advantage of it." Who these "others" are, the *Sun* does not inform us; but we apprehend that this spontaneous movement will result as did a similar spontaneous effort, which was made last spring to further Mr. Webster's prospects.

FOR LIBERIA.—On Tuesday last there passed through Washington, on their way to Baltimore, more than half a hundred men, women, and children of color, accompanied by white overseers and two four-horse wagons. These people were the property of Mrs. Margaret Miller, of Culpeper county, Virginia, who recently manumitted them on condition of their emigration to Liberia. They were on their way to Baltimore, whence they were to sail for Liberia, under the auspices of the Colonization Society.—*National Intelligencer.*

If the law of Maryland, against the entrance of colored people into that State, were perverted in reference to them, as it is whenever it suits the purposes of some petty magistrates, the conductor of these people was obliged to pay $20 a head, fine; or $1,000 for all of them. Were they thus oppressed? If not, why will not the Maryland papers speak out manfully against the base perversion of the law, lately commented on in the *Era*?

ANOTHER FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE AT SYRACUSE.—It is reported that on Friday, October 31, a fugitive slave, the wife of a colored man named Wandell, whom the Marshal had a warrant for, made her escape from the city by the aid of some friend, who had acquired a knowledge of the intended arrest. This morning placards were found posted about the city warning the people against the kidnapper.

INDICTMENT FOR KIDNAPPING.—The grand jury of Syracuse, on Friday, October 30, found an indictment against James Lear, of Missouri, and United States Deputy Marshal Allen, for an attempt to kidnap negro Jerry.

ALONG THE LINE NORTHWEST.

II.

Night ride from Baltimore to Cumberland—Dissatisfaction at Cumberland—Passage of the Mountain Range by the Somerset Route—"Viola"—The Plank Road—West Newton—Pennsylvania Politics—The Youghiogheny River, its Scenery and its Farms—Arrival at Pittsburgh—The "Blackness of Darkness."

PITTSBURGH, *October* 27, 1851.

To the Editor of the National Era:

Sitting up all night, unless where one can choose his own company, and that among the *belle sexe*, is "no joke," after men get to be as venerable as you are, and as old as I shall be one of these days.* Nevertheless, even your years would leap for joy, with as much grace as a cripple on crutches, to make the ride by railway from Baltimore to Cumberland on such a night as has just been vouchsafed to me. Cool, still, and starry, the frost-prickles came in bracingly at the open window of the car, and the darkness of earth was made visible by as resplendent a heaven as ever spread over the region wherein the Potomac "once upon a time," when the world was younger than it is now, broke through the rocky barrier of the Blue Ridge. Could I have had by my side but

'One fair spirit for my minister,"

I should most indubitably have talked poetry all night long; as it was, I only nodded the hours away after 12 o'clock, and suffered my enthusiasm to vanish at 7 the next morning over as tough a stake and as villanous a cup of coffee as ever cost traveller fifty cents.

When we reached Cumberland, five of us, who wished to take the National Road, and cross the Mountain to Brownsville, presented ourselves at the office of the stage agent, and made that wish known. That officer, however, for "reasons of state," I suppose, as he gave no other, chose to start such of us as would go in the coach of the "Good Intent" line, by the plank road over Mount Savage and sundry other aspiring hillocks to West Newton, on the Youghiogheny: an "intent" which was "good" enough, perhaps, but all didn't think so, and some of the number sought relief in the usual round of "travellers' complaints." This sort of thing, now, I never do: I found long ago that it wouldn't *pay*: so I selected my favorite seat in the coach, tucked my feet away comfortably, and gave myself up to pleasant thoughts of the real luxury of a taste of old-fashioned stage travelling—such as I had known but once for twelve years.

My anticipations were more than realized. The coaches are tolerable, the drivers careful, the scenery fine, and all the *feeding* excellent. This road is twenty-three miles shorter than that by Brownsville, and must be much easier on the traveller. The whole distance from Cumberland to West Newton is 77 miles, which we made in a little over twelve hours. The plank is down on the road one-half its length, and several other sections are under contract. That portion of the route which is not planked is a good mountain road; and when the timber shall be laid on the whole of it, and good hotels or eating houses shall be provided on the line, and better *time* be made by steamboat on the 33 miles between West Newton and Pittsburgh, this must become a favorite route. At present, however, from Baltimore to the Youghiogheny river, there is no good eating to be had except at Somerset, where a very fair dinner was provided for us, and time enough given to eat it like Christians. The breakfasts served up at the stage house in Cumberland, and the suppers and beds provided at West Newton, are past all endurance. Those interested in the Plank Road route should look to this without delay. Now that the Pennsylvania route, through York, Harrisburgh, and Hollidaysburgh, is railroaded nearly through, it may behoove the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company to look to it also.

Standing on a high point of Savage Mountain, while the "change of horses" was going on, and looking at the dark foliage far behind, and a bright, soft, sunny, and varied landscape before, a poetical quotation, uttered unconciously, brought to my mind with painful interest the fame and fate of a beautiful and gifted New England girl, who fifteen years ago stood in a similar position, and poured out her feelings in some verses which are well worth quoting here:

WRITTEN ON THE ALLEGHENIES.

"The broad, the bright, the glorious West,
Is spread before me now!
Where the gray mists of morning rest
Beneath yon mountain's brow!
The bound is past—the goal is won—
The region of the setting sun
Is open to my view.
Land of the valiant and the free—
My own Green Mountain land—to thee,
And thine, a long adieu!

"I hail thee, Valley of the West,
For what thou yet shalt be!
I hail thee for the hopes that rest
Upon thy destiny!
Here—from this mountain height, I see
Thy bright waves floating to the sea,
Thine emerald fields outspread,
And feel that in the book of fame,
Proudly shall thy recorded name
In later days be read.

"Yet while I gaze upon thee now,
All glorious as thou art
A cloud is resting on my brow,
A weight upon my heart.
To me—in all thy youthful pride—
Thou art a land of cares untried,
Of untold hopes and fears.
Thou art—yet not for thee I grieve;
But for the far-off land I leave,
I look on thee with tears.

"O! brightly, brightly, glow thy skies,
In summer's sunny hours!
The green earth seemes a paradise
Arrayed in summer flowers!
But oh! there is a land afar
Whose skies to me are brighter far
Along the Atlantic shore!
For eyes beneath their radiant shrine,
In kindlier glances answered mine—
Can these their light restore?

"Upon the lofty bound I stand,
That parts the East and West;
Before me—lies a fairy land;
Behind—*a home of rest!*
Here, Hope her wild enchantment flings,
Portrays all bright and lovely things,
My footsteps to allure—
But *there*, in Memory's light, I see
All that was once most dear to me—
My young heart's cynosure!"

So sang "VIOLA," (Laura M. Hawley, of Vermont,) fifteen years ago, standing in her young girlhood on the summit of the Alleghenies, and casting her prophetic soul forward into the region to which she was emigrating. Her words live in my memory, as do also the lineaments of her fine face: but in a quiet graveyard, near the falls of the Ohio, she was laid to rest, a very few years afterwards, and there "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking," except in the Heaven provided for the good and the beautiful in the great hereafter.

West Newton, where steamboat is taken for Pittsburgh, is handsomely situated, on the right bank of the Youghiogheny river, at the foot of a range of hills which look down upon it from a height of five hundred feet: but what in the world travellers are kept here twelve hours for, to be poorly fed and worse lodged, is more than I can comprehend. This is another point to which the officers of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company might properly and profitably direct their attention.

Some of these Pennsylvania mountaineers, I take it, are strange politicians. Scattered among them I found sundry *songs*, with which upon their lips they had gone to the polls at the recent election. A Democratic newspaper called "*The Genius of Liberty*," which I found lying about the bar-rooms of the way-side taverns, was especially well set with these brilliant gems. The genius of *Liberty*, perched on these mountains where might be supposed to be the very home of Freedom, was shocked that

"The Feds are urging hard of late
Their *Abolition* candidate;"

and boldly sang out,

"Come on ye young Democracy,
And join our noble throng,
We go in for our country,
And we're bound to go it strong.
Our captains both are young and bold,
Just from the pine woods fresh,
And *we'll drive the woolly headed fold*
From office with a rush."

And much more of the same sort, which might be given for the pleasant edification of the readers of the *Era*, did I think it necessary.

The Youghiogheny is one of the most beautiful little rivers in the country. Its high hills and beautifully sloping shores are productive not only in the excellent coal which has made them celebrated, but also in corn, wheat, wool, lumber, and other valuable articles of commerce. It empties into the Monongahela river thirteen miles from Pittsburgh; and for twenty miles above this junction, to the town of West Newton, is slack-watered by three fine locks and dams. Enough is said, when I inform you that the steamer which is now running in the regular trade of this little river is a good deal larger and far better than the boats that at this time, (or usually any summer,) ply on the Ohio at any point.

The "Iron City" is most emphatically the city of smoke. But as a drizzly rain, alternating with a watery snow, is now falling, and the whole city is enveloped in "the blackness of darkness," I will await a better day, on another visit, before I suffer myself to speak of it. With its large commerce, its immense manufacturing industry, and its wonderful growth, *it* can afford to *wait* for my commendation.

We left Baltimore at half past ten o'clock P. M., and reached Pittsburgh at half past one P. M. the second day thereafter. This, according to my ciphering, is thirty-nine hours, and this is according to the settled arrangement, as I was informed at the "hotel" in West Newton; yet the ticket seller in Baltimore assured me, when I bought my ticket, that we would be taken through in thirty-two hours.

Which makes point No. 3 for the B. and O. R. R. Company to turn their attention to.

Yours, &c.,
CURRENTE CALAMO.

* Our correspondent will joke sometimes. By the time we become "venerable," his *years* will be so too, though *he* should not.—*Ed. Era.*

FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

MAKAWAO, *July* 29, 1851.

To the Editor of the National Era:

MY DEAR SIR: I find that two sheets of this letter paper will not weigh the half-ounce allowed to single letters. I shall pay the postage, and I mean to get the worth of my money, to wit, in gratification arising from telling you some things about the Sandwich Islands. Whether you will obtain that amount of gratification, it is not for me to say. In filling the remainder of this sheet, let me tell you something of the doings of the Hawaiian Legislature at their last session, which has lately closed.

The lower House consisted of twenty-four members. Of these, seven were foreigners and one half-breed. The remaining sixteen were full-blooded natives. Two of the foreigners have written to me on the subject of the native members, and they spoke of them all as having done well, and some of them as having done admirably. The four native representatives from Maui I know to be superior men, and they are so regarded by all who know them. In an address of the members of the lower House to their constituents they say, "We have passed upwards of thirty acts and resolutions." Some of these I will specify, that you may see how we are getting on.

1. An act was passed, granting the fisheries, heretofore owned exclusively by Government, to the people. Henceforth, all men are entitled to fish on all grounds belonging to Government, and no portion of the fish taken on any of these grounds will, hereafter, belong to the aupuni, or Government. This act affords the people much satisfaction, and will call forth their gratitude, I trust. They are relieved, also, in relation to fishing, another way. Formerly the honolukis, or headmen—who were, in fact, the greatest oppressors on the islands—used to taboo several kinds of fish; now they cannot, under a penalty of one hundred dollars, taboo more than one kind. Again: formerly, any man who owned land by the seaside could prohibit fishermen from taking fish opposite his land, but they can do so no more. The sea is open to all who wish to cast in a net.

2. An act has been passed, allowing the people to take fire wood, house timber, cord, thatch for their houses, from the lands on which they live, without the consent of the headmen. Judge Lee, in behalf of his brethren of the lower House, remarks on this act thus: "This is a great point gained for the people; and the King and chiefs, in giving their assent to such a measure, so important to the Hawaiians, deserve our most profound gratitude."

3. An act has been passed for the appointment of agents in every district where there are Government lands for sale, whose duty it shall be to sell lands to the common people residing in such districts, in lots of from one to fifty acres, at a minimum price of fifty cents per acre.

4. An act for the improvement of roads was passed.

5. For the improvement of prisons; employment, discipline, and reform of criminals. Some $40,000 have been appropriated for the erection of suitable jails on all the islands.

6. An act was passed for the improvement of schools, which it is fervently hoped will give greater efficiency to the system of instruction among us.

From the above you will see that the Hawaiian Government, though feeble and poor compared with most Governments, has some life, and even energy. You will rejoice to see that the old feudal system is being destroyed; that the chiefs have more enlightened views than they once had; and that the people are assuming the attitude of Christian freemen. I know it is easy to hold up this people to the scorn of the rich and proud; but in the great day of accounts the Judge of all will set this matter right. Could the people be let alone—would other nations cease to interfere with their affairs, and would wicked men cease to lay plots for the chiefs—there might, even now, be hope of the permanency of this Government. But I much fear that the Government will not be let alone. Even at this moment they are not allowed to defend themselves from one of the greatest foes of national prosperity, viz: intoxicating drinks. And France may pounce any day upon us, and compel the Hawaiian nation to cede their country to the United States, as the only means left them of avoiding utter ruin. Then the temptations to sin are fearfully multiplied upon us. Grog-shops and beer-shops, and circuses and theatres, all throw open their doors and send out their odors to tempt the unwary. In short, no means are left untried to ruin the chiefs and people. I am ashamed to say that the King and the chiefs are, of all Hawaiians, the easiest prey to the seductions of sin. They are easily advised to a course of sin, shame, and ruin; and, unless God graciously interposes and saves them, they will draw down the judgments of a holy God upon the nation. The people appear much better than do their chiefs, and there is much more hope in their case. Let all who have taken an interest in the Hawaiian nation look to God in their behalf: beseech Him to remember them in their low estate, and save them for His Son's sake. Yours, with respect,

J. S. GREEN.

P. S. I am sorry to add that I find my people are much in debt. They depended upon their crop of potatoes, which is large and now ripe, to pay off these debts; but there is no demand for them. Some are off to the mountains to search for veritable gold; as some one has started a report of there being gold on Haleakala. If it shall prove that we are to be cursed in this article I will give you suitable notice. I have no belief in the existence of gold in our mountains. Yours, J. S. G.

LETTER FROM SANTA FE.

SANTA FE, *September* 1, 1851.

To the Editor of the National Era:

DEAR SIR: Enclosed I send you an extra, published after the regular issue of the Gazette. The Governor and his partisans are making desperate efforts to sustain their rapidly sinking cause, but I think the fiat has gone forth. They may be sustained by the authorities at Washington, but they have become odious to almost the *entire* American population here, and nothing but priestly bolstering prevents them from being equally odious to the Mexicans. If they are sustained by the authorities at Washington, there is no telling what the end will be.

Judge Baker goes in with the mail to-morrow. His friends to-day got up a paper addressed to the President, approving and approbating his course here. It was privately circulated among those who it was supposed would sign it, and especially the members of the grand jury. Those members of the jury whose names they supposed they could not get, were not visited. It was a bad stroke of policy. The fact that the Judge was incapable of attending to business, is so notorious, that I had supposed he would just make a frank confession of the matter, and promise better for the future. But as this covert and most unfair attempt is made to endorse his course, the citizens have felt that it demanded a counter report, and one has accordingly been gotten up, setting forth the facts, which is now being circulated, and will leave by the same mail. If sufficient time had been allowed, it would probably have had some four or five hundred signatures; as it is, it will be numerously signed. Some of the Mexican grand jurors say that they signed the endorsement of Judge Baker, supposing (and being told) that they were only endorsing his conduct *while on the bench*. They will sign the counter report.

From the number of officials that have left their work here and gone to Washington, it is pretty manifest that they are going to make a strong effort to bolster up their tottering cause. I suppose they are calculating largely upon the Southern and doughface influence to carry them through.

There will be a contest for the seat of Delegate between Major Weightman and Captain Reynolds. I have but little doubt that Reynolds is justly entitled to the seat, if it is awarded to either. I do not believe that all the records of election fraud, from the beginning of our Government history, could furnish greater than have been perpetrated in this election. The best thing that could be done for New Mexico would be to send both of them back again, without awarding the seat to either. It would teach politicians here, as well as the people, a lesson that they will learn in no other way, and, in my opinion, would put a stop to these disgraceful frauds in the future. It is but an act of justice, however, to Captain Reynolds and his friends to say, that, although the other party charge them with equal corruption with themselves, they have not furnished the proof of such frauds *here*. What they may do at Washington, I shall not pretend to say. As Major Weightman is the Governor's pet, and the Governor is the pet of the South, the Major, no doubt, calculates upon being carried through by Southern votes and influences, as his worthy patron has been.

The allusion, in the *Gazette Extra*, to the indignity offered to Judge Watts, is worthy of a wider circulation. He is not the only man here who has been made to feel the smart of the same sting.

Yours, truly, OCCIDENTALIS.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

The latest dates from England are to the 24th of October. The newspapers are filled with accounts of the reception, movements, and speeches of Kossuth. The Conservative journals are taken all aback by the moderation of his tone, and can find nothing extravagant or ferocious in any of his sentiments. Everywhere popular enthusiasm is kindled in his favor. Our Minister, Mr. Lawrence, and Mr. Walker, late Secretary of the Treasury, have waited upon him, and assured him of a cordial welcome in the United States.

The Mississippi has arrived at New York, with the companions of Kossuth aboard. It brings a letter from him to the Mayor, announcing his intention to leave Liverpool for New York in the steamer which was to leave on the 8th, (last Saturday.)

The apocryphal American attachés and exhonorables, so confidently relied upon by the *Intelligencer* and *Republic* of this place, receive their quietus. The *New York Evening Post* publishes the following despatch from its reporter on board the Mississippi:

"The officers of the Mississippi are indignant at the accounts which have been given of the conduct of Kossuth. They say nobody was authorized to make the representations which have been made. Kossuth, they report, is a noble man, and makes friends of all who come in contact with him. The letter writers and attachés must take the back track."

The *New York Tribune* says:

"A gentleman who has conversed with Captain Long, of the Mississippi, informs us that the Captain had no such difficulty with Kossuth as has been reported, and expresses for the great Hungarian the highest esteem and regard. The reports were set on foot by the enemies of the Hungarians in France."

Our Conservative cotemporaries, went off half-cocked. What will they do now?

A new French Ministry has been formed, which does not, it is said, give much promise of permanence.

KOSSUTH.

Intelligence reached Southampton on Thursday morning, by the Indus, that Kossuth had left Gibraltar in the Madrid, and great excitement prevailed in consequence. The Mayor summoned the members of the Town Council to meet him in their robes at the Town Hall to receive their guest. The Madrid was signaled at 2 o'clock, P. M. The Mayor immediately proceeded to the steamer, stepped on board, and was introduced to Kossuth by Capt. Weeks, of the Madrid—the Hungarian's suite standing around, deeply affected. Madame Kossuth was then introduced to the Mayor, but she was unable to speak, being so deeply affected. Kossuth's children were then presented to the Mayor. Kossuth himself was deeply affected during the interview, and could scarcely utter a word. The Mayor informed Kossuth of the reception he would meet with, of the deep sympathy which thousands of people in that country felt for him, and the gratitude and pleasure which all would experience at his safe arrival in England.

As the vessel entered the docks, the crowds at the pier-heads cheered loudly, and M. Kossuth, with uncovered head, bowed in acknowledgment. There were perhaps 800 or 1,000 persons stationed at these points; but opposite the mooring-ground of the *Madrid* the whole quay wall was thronged, and some 2,000 or 3,000 persons were collected there, foremost among whom were the refugees. As the vessel was proceeding to her moorings, a boat in which were Mr. Croskey, the American Consul, M. Pulsky and Madame Pulsky, boarded her. The meeting between the latter and the Kossuth family was very warm and very tender. M. Kossuth pressed Madame Pulsky to his heart, while his eyes filled with tears, which slowly rolled down his cheeks. M. Pulsky saluted Madame Kossuth most warmly, and she and Madame Pulsky flew into each other's arms, kissed each other, and wept in turns. M. Pulsky, too, was deeply affected. The children were then embraced, and a general shaking of hands took place. This little scene touched all the bystanders, but the enthusiasm on the shore, as the *Madrid* came alongside, and the exiles beheld Kossuth, was tremendous, and in their anxiety they nearly pushed each other into the water. Repeated rounds of cheering broke from the crowd mingled with the Hungarian "Hurrahs," and wild shouts of "Eljen Kossuth!" Handkerchiefs—white, red, and every color—were waved in a perfect cloud, and it seemed as if the band of his compatriots would carry off their chief bodily.

After some delay, the vessel got alongside; M. Kossuth and his family bade adieu to Mr. Weeks, the master, and ascended the ladder to the shore, where they were surrounded and greeted in the most energetic and excited manner by their friends. They then got into the Mayor's carriage, which was preceded by a band of music, the English and American ensign, and was decorated with the Hungarian tri-color, towards the town. Two or three private carriages attended the procession, and some half-dozen of hackney coaches, but a large number of persons followed on foot. The procession moved down by the shore, up the High street to the Mayor's coach-factory. The windows were full of people, most of whom cheered or waved their handkerchiefs; the joy bells rang from all the steeples, and as M. Kossuth, bare-headed, stood bowing at the back of the open carriage, his hands were repeatedly seized and pressed by his countrymen, whose example was at last followed by our own. On alighting at the Mayor's establishment, the gate was closed against the crowd, but they were soon gratified by the sight of M. Kossuth in the balcony, and received him very warmly. After a few words from the Mayor, M. Kossuth proceeded to speak. His voice is clear and distinct, but rather deep and monotonous, like that of a man who has used it up in public speaking. His utterance is energetic, his accent wonderfully good, but he seems sometimes embarrassed with too much words, sometimes at a loss for any suitable to express his precise ideas.

KOSSUTH'S RECEPTION AND SPEECH.

M. Kossuth addressed the assembled crowd, in reply to the Mayor's remarks, as follows:

I beg you will excuse my bad English. Seven weeks back I was a prisoner in Kutahia, in Asia Minor. Now I am a free man. [Cheers.] I am a free man, because glorious England chose it. [Cheers.] That England chose it, which the genius of mankind selected for the resting monument of its greatness, and the spirit of freedom for his happy home. Cheered by your sympathy, which is the anchor of hope to oppressed humanity, with the view of your freedom, your greatness, and your happiness, and with the consciousness of my unhappy land in my breast, you must excuse for my the emotion I feel, [cheers,] the natural consequence of so striking a change and so different circumstances. [Cheers.] So excuse me for not being able to thank you so warmly as I feel for the generous reception in which you honor, in my undeserving person, the cause of my country. [Cheers.] I only hope God Almighty may forever bless you, and your glorious land. Let me hope that you will be willing to throw a ray of hope and consolation on my native land by this your generous reception. [Cheers.]

May England be ever great, glorious, and free, [cheers;] but let me hope, by the blessing of Almighty God, and by our own steady perseverance, and by your own generous aid, that England, though she may ever remain the most glorious spot on earth, will not remain forever the only one where freedom dwells. [Great cheering.] Inhabitants of the generous town of Southampton! in shaking hands with your Mayor, my best and truest friend, (here M. Kossuth turned round to the Mayor and shook hands with his worship energetically, amid much cheering,) I have the honor to thank you, and to salute, with the deepest respect, you, the inhabitants of the industrious, noble-minded enlightened, and prosperous city of Southampton. [Loud cheers.]

M. Kossuth then retired for a little, and the Mayor led Madame Kossuth forward, who bowed from the balcony, and waved her handkerchief forward in acknowledgment of the cheering, which was reiterated with much vigor. The lady seemed to be affected by the reception she received from the crowd.

There was a cry from some one of "Bring out the children!" and some Hungarian gentlemen led forward the two boys and the little girl, who bowed very becomingly to the people. The eldest boy was held aloft by a Hungarian and by his father; and, after a few moments of cheering, they all retired from the balcony, with the exception of the Mayor, M. Kossuth, and some of his friends.

The Mayor then came forward, and said:

"Gentlemen, I thank you for the kind reception you have given to Kossuth. You will bear me witness, no means were used by me to induce any man to leave his work. I say we have nothing to fear when we see such a meeting on such an occasion, and I am glad to see such an assemblage of the well-conducted people of England before me." [Cheers.]

The band struck up "God save the Queen," amid loud cheers, while M. Kossuth stood with his hat off in front of the balcony. When the music was all over, he said:

"It is, gentlemen, a glorious sight to behold a Queen on the throne, representing the principles of liberty. [Loud cheers.] You have that privilege. In thanking you once more for your generous welcome, let me add an expression of my feeling, in which I entreat you to join. I give you three cheers for your gracious Queen. [Loud cheers.] God bless her! God bless you all." [Renewed cheering.]

At a later period in the day, Kossuth made a noble address to the People, at the close of which the meeting rose and cheered M. Kossuth repeatedly, and when the noise had subsided, a voice exclaimed, "Three groans for the Austrian tyrant!" which was responded to by three loud groans forthwith.

The Mayor then presented M. Kossuth with the flag which had been worked by some Hungarians in New York when the insurrection appeared likely to be successful, and sent over here to be forwarded to the then Governor. His worship, in presenting it, expressed a hope that M. Kossuth might yet live to fight victorious under it in the country of his birth, and gave him a slight sketch of its history.

M. Kossuth took the flag, pressed it to his bosom, and said, with energy:

"I receive, gentlemen, this flag, as the most valuable trust intrusted to the people of Hungary, and I swear to you, whatever be our fate, cowardice and ambition shall never tarnish this flag."

Great cheering and applause, after which M. Kossuth handed the flag to Mr. Croskey, the American Consul.

An address from the workingmen and inhabitants of the town, as distinguished from the corporation, signed by 1,100 persons, was then read by Mr. Falvey.

M. Kossuth replied:

"I feel deeply moved by the glorious expression of these generous sentiments, worthy of those men who have raised by that great gift of God—industry—their country to be the living wonder of the world. [Cheers.] Happy the people where the public authorities, being at the head of the people, share the noble sentiments of the people itself; and happy the country where the noble sentiments of the people are elevated to the dignity of a principle. I consider these addresses as the proudest treasures of my life, from which myself, my children, and my countrymen, must ever draw a continual impulse to be faithful to the principle which the people of England have honored." [Loud cheers.]

The proceedings of the Great Banquet at Southampton occupy many columns in our exchanges. The speech of Kossuth was a great effort. But, we have room only for the items above, which will convey at least a faint idea of the reception given to the Exile.

He is now on his way, we presume, to this country, and may be expected in the course of a week.

From the Charleston Courier.

INTERESTING FROM HAVANA.

Particulars of Mr. Thrasher's Arrest.

A Havana correspondent informs us that Mr. Thrasher's paper was considered a Creole organ, and to be in opposition to the Spanish journal, *The Diario Marina*, the editors of which, together with a clique of old Spaniards, were consequently his enemies, and had influence enough, after the execution of Lopez, to procure the suspension of his paper, which was done about the first of September last. This was ruinous to him, inasmuch as the demand for his paper had increased so largely as to induce him to import a new press from New York, and to incur other heavy expenses to bring out his issue in proper style—all of which labor and expense was, of course, lost.

He, however, retained the hope that the Captain General would soon allow him to resume his publication, and, in the mean time, devoted himself to the alleviation of the sufferings of those of his fellow-countrymen who were then about sailing for Spain as prisoners. But these very acts of kindness to those whom the Spaniards deemed *pirates* made him still more obnoxious to his enemies, and likewise attracted the attention of the Government officials toward him, who thereupon accused him of having been connected with the expedition, although they could not definitely understand in what precise way the connection had existed.

The police, therefore, were ordered to watch strictly all his movements. His letters were stopped and examined at the post office, but these being merely letters of business, and thanks from the relatives and friends of the prisoners he had succored, nothing to criminate him could be elicited from their contents.

The police were then informed that his private correspondence came to him by the steamers. Consequently, when the *Georgia* arrived from New Orleans, two police officers, genteelly dressed in citizen's apparel, followed him on board, and perceived him receive and pocket a letter handed him by the clerk of the boat. The officers followed him to the shore, and on his landing, arrested him and took him to the bureau of the Chief of Police, where he was searched, but nothing was found on him but the letter already alluded to, which was merely on purely private business. He was, however, detained under surveillance, sleeping at the police bureau, and taking his meals at the different hotels, always accompanied by a police officer.

This state of affairs lasted two or three days, when all at once a letter was produced, which was said to have been found sealed, and directed to Mr. Thrasher, on the desk in his office; and although there was no post-mark on it, or anything else to indicate where it came from, it was alleged that it had been brought by the *Georgia*. It was then handed to Mr. Thrasher to open, which he did in presence of the officers, and to his utter astonishment discovered that it was written in cipher. He at once protested his total ignorance of its contents and from whence it could possibly have emanated.

But his denial was of no avail, and he was immediately placed in solitary confinement in the prison, where he remained until Saturday, the 25th ult., when he was removed to the Punta Fort, and there placed in a dungeon, which our correspondent has been informed by those who know the place well, is an excavation in the rock on a level with the sea, always wet below and damp above, and having only a small round hole to admit the light. In this loathsome den the only furniture is a board with two cleets on the ends, which serves as a bed at night, and in the day as a seat to keep the feet from the wet and slime of the bottom. No one was allowed to visit him, and Mr. Owen states that he applied for permission, but received as a reply from the Captain General, that he should be admitted as soon as any.

On the day prior to the departure of the Isabel, our correspondent saw the mother of Mr. Thrasher in tears at the office of Mr. ex-Consul Owen, endeavoring to get some information respecting her son. She wished to learn from Mr. Owen if she could see the Captain General. He answered no, but suggested that the judge would give her liberty to see her son. This proceeding of Mr. Owen seems, says our correspondent, strange, when it is well known that he could have taken her in a moment to the Captain General, to whom she merely wished to state her desire to speak a word of comfort to her son, and see whether he had any provisions supplied him, &c.

A report was current at the sailing of the Isabel, that Mr. Thrasher had *been tried and condemned to the mines*, but although it was believed that such was the case, no authoritative confirmation of the rumors had been obtained, the Government keeping their proceedings as secret as possible.

For the National Era.

BESSIE.

BY MISS PHŒBE CAREY.

Take my baby from my bosom,
Lay her precious little head
On the shining satin pillow
Of her white and dainty bed.

On my heart, in life, how often
I have hushed her bitter cry,
All the while I gently rocked her,
Singing soft a lullaby.

Now she sleeps so very calmly,
Hushed away from mortal pain,
She hath need of me no longer,
She will never cry again!

From her little lip, untasted,
She has put away life's cup;
When she wakes another morning,
Angel hands will take her up.

TO J. R. GIDDINGS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Giddings, far rougher names than thine have grown
Smoother than honey on the lips of men;
And thou shalt aye be honorably known,
As one who bravely used his tongue and pen,
As best befits a freeman—even for those,
To whom our law's unblushing front denies
A right to plead against the life-long woes
Which are the Negro's glimpse of Freedom's skies;
Fear nothing and hope all things, as the Right
Alone may do securely; every hour
The thrones of Ignorance and ancient Night
Lose somewhat of their long-usurped power,
And Freedom's lightest word can make them shiver
With a base dread that clings to them forever.

From the Washington Union.

WISCONSIN.

The following communication, which we received last evening just before going to press, shows the nature and significance of the Whig victory in Wisconsin. It will be seen that it is the result of a coalition between Whigs and Free-Soilers:

"I see that the telegraphic reports announce the fact that L. J. Farwell (*Whig*) is elected Governor of Wisconsin; and as in all probability it will be claimed as a Whig victory, it is of some importance that the public should understand precisely the character of this *Whig victory*. To set this matter right before your readers, I enclose to you the following letter of Mr. Farwell, written in answer to one of inquiry from Charles Durkee, the abolition member of Congress from the Milwaukie district. It speaks for itself:

"MILWAUKIE CITY, *Oct.* 9, 1851.

"DEAR SIR: Yours of the 4th instant is received. In answer to your inquiries in regard to my views on the subject of slavery, I reply frankly that I am utterly opposed to the extension of slavery, and to the increase of slave States. I am also in favor of the abolition of slavery wherever it exists under the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress, and of the repeal of the fugitive slave law.

"Respectfully, yours, L. J. FARWELL.
"*Hon. Charles Durkee.*

"This letter, I have not a doubt, effectually secured the union of the Whig and Free Soil vote of the State, and the result is, as announced by telegraph, a Whig victory. L."

In connexion with the above letter—which shows the ground upon which the Whigs went into the election—we subjoin the following resolution, adopted by the Democracy in their State Convention, held on the 10th of last September:

"*Resolved*, That the Democrats of Wisconsin now stand where all true Democrats have stood since 1836—on the platform of principles then drawn by that pure and lamented statesman, Silas Wright, and approved by every National Democratic Convention since that day. And occupying, as our party does, this elevated position, we, in their name, repudiate all extraneous issues and sectional tests of party faith, as pernicious, clannish, and disorganizing in their tendency."

BEAUTIFUL.—The *Marietta* (Ga.) *Advocate*, speaking of the removal of the postmaster at Eufala, Alabama, says, "Mr. Fillmore removed a most efficient and popular officer, solely because he would not be the instrument in circulating Abolition documents through the post office. The wonder is that any man could be found in that community to accept the appointment, and lend himself to such a purpose."

A pretty fellow to talk about the *Era* in this style, when a score of his brother editors in Georgia and Alabama are receiving it regularly in exchange every week, and it is only because he is not so well read as the rest that he is not himself in the receipt of it.

☞ Please signify to Mrs. Stowe that it will be quite agreeable to the wishes of very many of the readers of the *Era* for her *not to hurry through* "Uncle Tom." We don't get sleepy reading it. Having resided many years among slaves, and being familiar with their habits, thoughts, feelings, and language, I have not been able to detect a single mistake in her story in any of these respects—'tis perfect in its way—will do great good. Yours, J. D. L.

When Mrs. Stowe commenced her admirable story, we did not suppose, nor did she, that it would run through so many numbers as it has already done. She will take good care not "to hurry through it," but will *complete* what has been so well begun.

MR. COBB'S MAJORITY.—The official canvass shows the majority of Mr. Cobb for Governor to be 18,573.

NEW JERSEY.—The Democrats have gained a great triumph. The Senate stands—Whigs 7; Democrats 13; House—Whigs 14, Democrats 46.

MARYLAND.—The Democratic ticket has succeeded in Baltimore by a majority ranging from 500 to 2,700 votes. The Whigs have a majority in the Senate of the State, and the Democrats a majority, probably, of 6 in the Assembly.

LOUISIANA.—The members of Congress elect are—St. Martin, Democrat; Penn, Democrat; Morse, Democrat; Landry, Whig.

DAVID WILMOT.—The following is the official vote for Wilmot for presiding judge:

Counties.	Wilmot.	Elwell.
Bradford	4,076	2,784
Susquehanna	2,517	1,492
Sullivan	360	298
Total	6,952	4,574

Wilmot's majority, 2,381.

Mr. Wilmot's opponents issued tickets marked "For Presiding Judge, 12th District, David Wilmot," instead of 13th District. They sold out the State ticket, but the fraud did not avail them.

FRED. DOUGLASS AND THE SILVER GRAYS.—The statement that twenty-one votes were given in the Whig Assembly Convention for F. Douglass is correct. The most active person electioneering for him was L. R. Jerome, a deputy collector of customs, and connected with the *Rochester American*. The votes were all given by the well-known Silver Grays.

NEW HAMPSHIRE FREE SOIL CONVENTION.—The New Hampshire Free Soil Convention met at Manchester on Friday, October 30. Alonzo Smith was chosen president, with ten vice presidents. John Atwood, of New Boston, was nominated candidate for Governor, receiving 197 out of 213 votes cast. Hon. Amos Tuck and others addressed the Convention, denouncing the Fugitive Slave Law, &c.

MR. GUTZLAFF, the famous Chinese missionary and scholar, died at Canton on the 9th August last, in the 48th year of his age. He was by birth a Pomeranian, and was sent to the East by the Netherlands Missionary Society in 1827; and, after spending four years in Batavia, Singapore, and Siam, he went to China in 1831.

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION.—The vote for Governor in Boston stands—Winthrop, (Whig,) 7,387; Boutwell, (Democrat,) 3,607; Palfrey, (Free Soil,) 1,271.

MISSISSIPPI ELECTION.—We have very late despatches here, giving returns from the election in Mississippi. They leave no doubt whatever of the complete triumph of the Union ticket. The Union State ticket and three Union Congressmen are already known to be elected.

NEW YORK ELECTION.—The messenger from the office of the *Albany Evening Journal* has just returned from Delaware county, and reports that the majority against Forsyth and Patterson, Whigs, will not exceed 900 in that county, which pretty certainly gives the Whigs the Canal Board, and secures the election of their State ticket.

APPOINTMENT BY THE PRESIDENT.—W. L. Sharkey, to be Consul of the United States at Havana, in the Island of Cuba, in place of Allen F. Owen, recalled.

DOMESTIC MARKETS.

BALTIMORE, *November* 10, 1851.

Beef Cattle.—The prices of beef cattle range from $2.25 to $3.25 per 100 pounds on the hoof—equal to $4.50 a $6.25 net, and averaging $2.56 gross.

Hogs.—A good supply of live hogs at $6 a $6.25 per 100 pounds.

Flour and Meal.—300 barrels Howard Street brands at $3.81 1-4, and 500 barrels City Mills at $3.75. Rye flour, $3.56. Corn meal, $3.

Grain and Seeds.—Receipts increased. Good to prime red wheat at 72 a 76 cents; ordinary to good do., 66 a 72 cents; white do., 75 a 85 cents, as to quality. Old white corn, 52 cents; yellow do., 54 a 55 cents. Rye, 70 cents. Oats, 32 a 35 cents. Clover seed, $4.87 a $5.

Provisions.—Market quiet; the supply light. Mess pork, $16.12 1-2 a $16.25; prime do. is held at $14. Bacon—shoulders, 9 1-2 cents; sides, 10 1-2; hams, 10 a 11 3-8 cents per pound. Lard in barrels, 9 1-4 cents; in kegs, 10 1-2 cents. Butter in barrels and kegs, 10 a 12 cents. Cheese, 7 1-2 to 9 1-2 for Western.

Wool.—A steady demand. Fleece at 16 a 18 cents per pound.

NEW YORK, *November* 10, 1851.

Sales of 8,000 barrels of flour at $3.75 a $3.81 for State brands. Rye flour, $3.31 a $3.37 1-2. Corn meal, $3.37 1-2 a $3.50. Grain, steady. 2,500 bushels Michigan white wheat, and 5,000 bushels Canadian, at 86 cents. Rye, 71 cents. Corn, improving—20,000 bushels mixed at 58 a 59 cents. Oats, 38 cents. Provisions are unchanged. Mess pork, $14.81 a $15 for new and old, and $13.62 1-2 for new prime. Lard, 8 1-4 a 8 3-4 cents.

A CALL.

A *State Convention of the Colored Citizens of Ohio* will be held in Cincinnati on the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th of January, 1852. The object of the Convention is to recommend and adopt such measures as are best calculated to promote the interests of the colored people of the State. See to it, colored men—you who are taxed, yet denied a representation, and made aliens in the land of your birth—that you are largely represented in said Convention. The time has come when you must act or perish, and when silence in you is a crime.

We append the following resolution that was passed at the State Convention which sat at Columbus last winter, and we trust that delegates will faithfully comply with it:

"*Resolved*, That the Delegates composing the Convention be requested to write a report, in as short a form as is expedient, giving the population, wealth, and condition of the colored people in their respective counties." JOHN J. GAINES,
Chairman of the Central Committee.

N. B. Regularly appointed Delegates will report themselves to the Reception Committee at the *Hotel Dumas*, on Macalister street. Ample arrangements will be made by the citizens, to provide for all such during the sitting of the Convention.

OUR THREE JOURNALS.

The AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, the WATER-CURE JOURNAL, and THE STUDENT, are published monthly, each at *one dollar a year*, in advance, by FOWLERS & WELLS, New York.

The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is devoted to the Moral and Intellectual development of Man. Psychology, Magnetism, Physiognomy, and all that relates to MIND, may be found in this publication.

The WATER-CURE JOURNAL is devoted to Hydropathy, Physiology, and the laws which govern life and health, including Dietetics, together with the philosophy and practice of Water Cure.

The STUDENT is designed for Children and Youth—to be used in schools and families. It is devoted to Education, Natural History, (with illustrative engravings,) to Biography, Music, Phonography, and the Natural Sciences generally. It is probably the best Educational Serial published in this country.

To obtain either or all of these periodicals, please enclose the amount of $1 for each in a letter, and direct the same, post paid, to

FOWLERS & WELLS,
Oct. 9—4t No. 131 Nassau street, New York.

THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY.

TERMS.—The Genius of Liberty is published monthly for $1 per year, in advance.

CLUBS.—Six copies for $5; ten copies for 8; and twenty copies for $15.

COMMUNICATIONS AND MONEYS must be directed to the "Genius of Liberty, Cincinnati, Ohio, Box No. 552," post paid.

The Editor's office is No. 18 Main street.

FARM NEAR WASHINGTON FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his Farm, situated about five miles from Washington, in Prince George's county, Maryland. It contains 178 1 2 acres, above 30 of which is a fine alluvial meadow, producing at present a ton and a half of hay to the acre, but which under improved cultivation would produce at least two tons Hay sells in the Washington market at from $15 to $20 per ton. About four acres of the place is a marsh covered with several feet in thickness of black earth, the result of decayed vegetation, which, properly composted, is a source from which the upland may be enriched at a reasonable cost About 60 acres of woodland—growth principally oak and chestnut. The land, except the meadow, is undulating, and has many pretty sites for building. There are many springs of excellent water on the place, and it is noted for its healthfulness. The soil of the greater part is a sandy loam, underlaid by clay—in some places, clay predominating. About 75 acres could be divided into small gardening farms, giving nearly an equal quantity of wood and arable land to each. There is an orchard of 150 peach trees and 60 apple trees on the place, all bearing; also, about 200 apple trees, ready for grafting. It is well fenced The buildings are—a log house of four rooms, with a frame addition of three rooms, a meat house of sun dried brick, a log-kitchen separate from the dwelling, a corn house stable carriage house, &c. There is a stream of water running through the place, with efficient water and fall for a small mill Price—$40 per acre. Terms—one third cash; a long credit for the residue if desired. Address

Oct. 23. MARTIN BUELL, Washington, D. C.

HOOKER & HAWLEY,

ATTORNEYS and Counsellors at Law, Hartford, Connecticut. JOHN HOOKER.
Sept. 12—1y JOSEPH R. HAWLEY.

NOTICE.

OFFICE of the Trust of the Stockholders of the Bank of the United States, chartered the 4th March, A. D. 1791. The copartners or shareholders of the above-named Institution, or their legal representatives, who desire to participate in the final dividend of the assets of the stockholder's trust, expected to be made under a decree of Courts of the United States, finally to close the affairs of that Institution, are hereby notified and requested to make known that desire to the Cashier by letters, post paid, addressed to him at the Office, in the Girard Bank, Philadelphia, on or before Monday, 17th inst., that their participation in the final dividend of said assets may be secured.

By order of the surviving Trustees.
Philadelphia, November 7, 1851. Nov. 13.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT between Philadelphia and Pittsburg—time reduced to twenty-four hours. On and after the 1st of December next, passengers will be carried by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, in twenty-four hours, with only twenty-eight miles of staging over an excellent Turnpike. Fare, $11.

This is the shortest and best route between the Great West and the Atlantic cities, and the accommodations are in all respects of the highest character.

THOMAS MOORE,
Nov. 13. Agent Penn. Railroad Company.

FASHIONABLE BONNET AND MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT.

THE proprietor of Bassett & Pratt's Bonnet Rooms would most respectfully invite the ladies to examine one of the largest and most desirable stocks of *Bonnets, Ribbons*, and *Millinery Goods* generally, in the city, at No. 50 1-2 Hanover street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Nov 13—2m ISAAC M. BASSETT.

CALIFORNIA GOLD SEPARATOR.

THE undersigned, having detected the fallacy of scientific writers in their theory of centrifugal force in whirling fluids, has combined the *centripetal* power of the base of a whirlpool, with a very simple mechanical arrangement, which for the first time gives to the world a machine which separates in the most perfect manner, and with great rapidity and ease, *all the gold* from crushed quartz or from heavy iron sand.

Come to the California Steamship office, 25 Courtland street, New York, and see and judge for yourselves, or address, (Sept 6.) ARNOLD BUFFUM, Patentee.

SOLDIERS' CLAIMS.

I AM still engaged in the prosecution of claims against the Government. Such of the soldiers of the Mexican war, or their heirs, as have filed claims to bounty land, and had them suspended or rejected, or who have not applied, will do well to open a correspondence with me, as I can obtain their land in almost every instance. There are about 15,000 such claims on file in the Pension Office, nearly every one of which I can have allowed if authorized to act for the claimant. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

☞ Suspended claims under act of September 28, 1850, also successfully prosecuted, and no fee will be charged in any case unless land is procured. Address

Sept 25. A. M. GANGEWER, Washington, D C.

NEW PAMPHLET BY REV. JOHN G. FEE.

THE *Sinfulness of Slaveholding shown by appeals to Reason and Scripture*. By John G. Fee, Minister of the Gospel in Kentucky. 36 pp. 12mo. Printed by John A. Gray, and for sale by William Harned, at No 48 Beekman street, New York. Three dollars per hundred, and six cents single copy. This pamphlet has just issued from the press, and it is intended, we understand, to give it a wide circulation in Kentucky and elsewhere. We have been assured by a gentleman who has resided in Kentucky that Mr Fee's writings are held in high estimation, and are eagerly sought after, especially by the great body of the people. When it is considered that it has been claimed by many influential persons in that State, that slavery is not sinful in itself, a well-written argument drawn from reason and Scripture to the contrary cannot be considered unnecessary This pamphlet is well printed, and is well adapted to general circulation both in slave and free States, for there are some even here, ministers and laymen, who deny the sinfulness of slavery in all cases We trust the friends of Freedom will send their orders, and aid in the wide circulation of this seasonable and able essay. If sent through the mail, the new law requires the postage to be prepaid. It will be two cents a copy for 500 miles, and four cents for all distances beyond that. Aug. 7—3m

THE SOUTH BEND CASE.

A PAMPHLET of 24 pp. has just been published, entitled "The South Bend (Ind.) Fugitive Slave Case, involving the Right to a writ of Habeas Corpus" It is for sale by William Harned, 48 Beekman street, New York. Price $3 a hundred, and 5 cents single copy. Aug. 7—3m

LIBERTY ALMANAC FOR 1852.

THE *American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society* have just published another stereotyped Almanac, for the coming year, with special reference to the great question of Slavery at the present time, and in the expectation that the friends of the cause throughout the country will co-operate in diffusing extensively the valuable statistical and reading matter it contains. Considering the expense at which the Almanac has been prepared, the low price at which it is sold, and the increased facilities for forwarding it, by express or otherwise, from New York, over the whole of the Northern States, it is confidently expected that the circulation this year will greatly exceed that of any previous year. So much useful matter cannot well be circulated at less expense.

The Almanac for 1852 contains 40 pages, being four pages larger than the Almanac for 1851. It also contains more engravings. Some of those of last year are used again, with two new and beautiful ones, the first entitled "No Higher Law," and the other a portrait of Ellen Crafts, in the dress in which she made her escape from slavery. The Almanac is handsomely printed, on good paper, with a *Calendar* equal in all respects to that of the American Tract Society's Almanac for 1852, with the Eclipses, Cycles, &c., &c. The Almanac contains a variety of interesting and valuable reading and statistical articles of an anti-slavery character, selected and original. The prices will be as follows:

For one thousand copies	$20 00
For one hundred copies	2 50
For one dozen copies	40
For a single copy	05

The friends of the cause are earnestly invited to co-operate in giving a wide circulation to the Almanac, and to send their orders at an early day for a liberal supply. It is suggested that they make arrangements with merchants in their neighborhood, before visiting New York, to have a few hundred or thousand Almanacs packed with their goods. In this way the cost of transportation will be very small. If no such opportunity offers, the owners of expresses are now more reasonable in their charges than heretofore. Or they may be sent by mail, any distance under 500 miles, for *one cent postage prepaid*.

Orders, *enclosing payment*, in bank notes or post office stamps, may be addressed to

WILLIAM HARNED, *Agent*,
Aug. 1. 48 Beekman st., New York.

N. B. Editors friendly to the cause of freedom are respectfully requested to give the above an insertion, as the object in publishing the Almanac is not to make money, but to diffuse useful information at cost. tf

NEWSPAPER AGENCIES.

V. B. PALMER, the American Newspaper Agent, is agent for the *National Era*, and authorized to take Advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Boston, 8 Congress street; New York, Tribune Building; Philadelphia, northwest corner of Third and Chestnut streets; Baltimore, southwest corner of North and Fayette streets.

☞ S. M. PETTENGILL, Newspaper Advertising, Subscription, and Collecting Agent, No. 10 State street, Boston, (Journal Building,) is also agent for the *National Era*

BENNETT'S NATIONAL SKY-LIGHT GALLERY
PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE,
One door east of Z. D. Gilman's Drug Store.
EXHIBITION FREE.

TO meet the increasing patronage of this establishment, the Sitting and Exhibition Rooms have been enlarged, and fitted up in a style second to none in this country.

It was necessary, also, to have more assistance in the operating department; and I have therefore associated with me Mr. F. M. Cory, from New York, which will enable us to maintain the present popularity of this Gallery

Some valuable additions to the collection of specimens have been recently made, among which we will mention that of *JENNY LIND*, taken from life; one of *AMIN BEY*, Turkish Envoy; and one, from a Daguerreotype taken in Rome, of Powers's statue of *JOHN C. CALHOUN*.

The collection of the United States Senate, intended for exhibition at the World's Fair, to be held in London in May next, will be complete in a few days, a part of which may be seen at this time.

Having a superior Sky-Light, and one of the best German Cameras, capable of taking portraits twelve times the usual size, and twice the size of any in this city, together with a constant and successful practice for the last twelve years, we feel confident in being able to furnish Daguerreotypes to those who may want them, which, for beauty of tone, clearness of impression, life-like expression, grace and ease of position, cannot be surpassed.

By a new and improved process practiced at this establishment, we are enabled to take pictures in the short space of one second, enabling parents to supply themselves with perfect Daguerreotypes of their little ones, of all ages.

☞ Miniatures neatly set in lockets, breastpins, finger rings, and settings furnished, if desired.

N. S. BENNETT.
Jan. 2. F. M. CORY.

GENERAL BANKING AND EXCHANGE BUSINESS.

COPARTNERSHIP.—The undersigned respectfully announce to the public that they have entered into copartnership for the transaction of a general Exchange and Banking business in the city of Washington, under the firm of

SELDEN, WITHERS, & CO.

All business intrusted to them will be attended to with promptness and fidelity.

WILLIAM SELDEN, late Treasurer U. States.
JOHN WITHERS, of Alexandria, Virginia.
R. W. LATHAM, of the City of Washington.
L. P. BAYNE, of Baltimore, Maryland.
Jan. 9

WATSON & RENWICK, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

AGENTS *for procuring Patents in the United States and foreign countries.*

They prepare Specifications and Drawings of new inventions, and transact all business connected with their profession.

They will revise and attend to the reconsideration of those applications which have been rejected by the Commissioner of Patents either on account of a defective specification and drawing, or the presentation of an improper claim.

Persons residing at a distance may procure all necessary information respecting the patentability of their inventions, may have their applications for patents made in proper form, and may obtain patents, without incurring the expense of a personal attendance at Washington, by writing to the subscribers.

Models can be safely sent to us by the Expresses.

Rough sketches and descriptions can be sent by mail.

Letters must be post paid.

Office on F street, opposite the Patent Office.

P. H. WATSON.
July 18 E. S. RENWICK.

FRANK MILLER'S LEATHER PRESERVATIVE AND WATER-PROOF OIL BLACKING,

For Boots, Shoes, Harness, Carriage Tops, &c.

THIS BLACKING is not designed to produce a polish, but to render leather soft, pliable, water proof, and much more durable.

It may be had at the manufacturer's wholesale price:
New York—Grannis & Stewart, 96 Maiden Lane.
Albany, N. Y.—Archibald McClure.
Rochester, N. Y.—Sage & Pancost.
Buffalo, N. Y.—Pratt & Co, Terrace street.
Philadelphia—T. W. Dyott & Son, 132 N. 2d street.
Pittsburg, Pa.—McCurdy & Loomis.
Boston, Mass.—Alexander Strong, 32 Central street.
Bangor, Me.—George W. Emerson, 4 Smith's Block.
Cleveland, O.—Seaman & Smith.
Cincinnati, O.—Robbins & Pomroy, 27 Pearl street.
Montreal, C. W.—Brown & Childs
Toronto, C. W.—Brown & Childs.

And in the cities and principal towns generally throughout the Northern and Western States of the Union.
Aug 21

BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN.

Monthly—32 pages, $1 per annum, in advance.
Bi-monthly and Monthly—($2 per annum, in advance.)
Six Nos. of 32 pages each, and six of 96 each, making 768.

VOL. III commences July, 1851. This unique original journal treats of all subjects relating to man—presents new and well demonstrated systems of *Phrenology, Physiology*, and *Physiognomy*—and surveys from a new point of view the great wonders of the age. The knowledge of man and the elevation of the race are its aims. Specimen numbers sent gratuitously. Address the editor, *Dr. JOSEPH R. BUCHANAN*, Cincinnati.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

Reported for the National Era.

SPEECH
OF
CASSIUS M. CLAY, AT LEXINGTON, KY.

Delivered August 1, 1851.

CITIZENS OF FAYETTE: I present myself before you, a candidate for the office of Governor of Kentucky.

I come, not as my rivals, Messrs. Dixon and Powell, backed by great political parties. I stand against the ruling class in the State and Nation—the wealth—the social ban—the press—and the pulpit. Those are great odds. Yet standing here on the basis of Truth, Justice, and Liberty, as humble in popularity and ability as the least appreciative of my friends or enemies would have me, I do not shrink from the duties which every citizen of a Republic owes to his country.

No man knows better than I the deep-rooted prejudices which have been studiously planted in the minds of this people, from the beginning, against me personally, and the cause which I advocate. Of this I do not complain. He who would change the organic laws of a State ought to be prepared to meet hatred, calumny, and violence—for such has been the fate of Patriots in all times and in all countries. I pass all personal misrepresentations in silence; if I cannot live them down, vain is the attempt to speak them down.

Objections which have been made against the party with whom I have the honor to act I deem worthy of notice.

It is urged that the question of Slavery and Emancipation has been once considered, and decided against us, by the people of Kentucky; and therefore it is "factious" again to reopen it.

Now, this objection, if true, has but little weight, coming from the Democrats, who have been defeated for twenty years or more in this State; yet now we find them arrayed once more under their banners! So does it come with equally bad grace from the Whigs, who have been in the nation relatively about in the same position as the Democrats have been in the State.

The objection, when stripped of its casuistry, means simply that we are in a minority. Now, when so many men, even of first distinction, are ready to float with the popular tide into office, I regard it as a subject of pride that we stand firm in the advocacy of what we conceive lies at the basis of all prosperity and safety to the State.

But the allegation is untrue. The question of emancipation never has been fairly discussed before, or decided upon by, the people of this State. The forty men—who met in Frankfort in 1848, all slaveholders, but still professing to represent all parties in the State, interested in the Convention movement—declared that, so far as they were concerned, the then relations of *slavery should not be disturbed*. And again, when the Legislature met in the winter of that year, a resolution was passed that *slavery ought not to be discussed*.

The same position was taken by nearly the whole Whig and Democratic press. By such weight of authority against us, the Emancipation Convention, which met at Frankfort in 1849, was induced to defer making the battle upon the merits of their cause, and only contended for what is called the "open clause" in the Constitution; so that the question of Emancipation might be, as suggested by our opponents, decided, separately from all other influences, upon its merits. And such was the position taken by the orators upon the stump, and urged everywhere in private conversation.

Now, when the Constitution is formed and carried into execution—when parties are narrowed down to the same platform so nearly that the matter of contest between Whig and Democrat seems to be, whether there is really any difference in principles—when the public mind is calm and ready for sound conclusions, and we at last come forward and urge Emancipation upon just and constitutional grounds—these same men, who all along were saying the time had not yet come, now clamor that the time has passed—it is too late—the question has been decided against us.

No! with the slaveholders, the time has not and never will come for the consideration of Emancipation! If left to them, they would, like Sheridan with his creditors, put it off till the day after judgment!

We, then, friends of Emancipation and vital republicanism, must judge for ourselves of the time and means of throwing off this institution, which "wrongs" the slave and threatens our own liberty. We are all equals—we were born free—and while we allow to our opponents all the privileges which we claim for ourselves, we avow our purpose to yield to others *none* which we will not fearlessly demand.

I care nothing for party names, so that they designate principles. The Whigs are called "Bank Federalists"—the Democrats, "Locofocos"—we call ourselves "Emancipationists," "Liberty and Union men." Our enemies call us "Abolitionists." All we ask is the understanding of our views; upon them we are willing to stand or to fall!

There are in the State of Kentucky, in round numbers, ten hundred thousand people. Of these, two hundred thousand are African slaves. You all know what slaves are. By the laws of all the slave States, they can neither acquire nor hold property in their own right, "by the sweat of the face," or by gift, or devise, or inheritance. To them is denied the family relation. They know not the name of parent or child—husband or wife—sister or brother; they are not secured in "life, liberty, or property, or the pursuit of happiness." In a word, they are subject, in all these, to the will of their masters, in mind and in person, being as goods and chattels or beasts of the field!

In this nineteenth century, amidst a civilized and Christian people, I shall not discuss the *moral* relation of such an institution as this! I appeal to reason, which is monstrous jargon if this be just! to every unsullied conscience, which is quick as a flash of light in revulsion when self is thus threatened! to the works of nature, where by sea and shore each mute and living thing of minutest insignificance has allotted it by Providence an independent sphere of action and happiness—that not alone, of all animated existences, is the poor African merged in the will and happiness of others!

Above all, upon that ever-to-be-held-sacred and glorious saying, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," I rest the question of the moral relation of slavery—to reason, to conscience, to nature, to God; I will not add the weight of my ideas of the right. I am not here as a moralist, but a politician, or, if I may aspire to the higher title, a statesman; and as a statesman I have discussed and still propose to discuss this subject.

Next in order are the owners of these two hundred thousand slaves. In 1845, they were from the Auditor's books ascertained to be about thirty-one thousand—say, since then increased to thirty-three and a third thousand. The actual owners of slaves, then, in this State, are only one in every twenty-four, including men, women, and children, of the white race. But allow, which is liberal, two persons more to each actual slaveholder, for those interested in these slaves, as heirs or expectants by gift or devise, and we have only one hundred thousand persons! Take the two hundred thousand slaves and the one hundred thousand masters from the ten hundred thousand, and you have remaining seven hundred thousand persons—seven out of eight of every man, woman, and child, of the white race, in the Commonwealth—"the people," in the language of politicians, who have no interest in the ownership of these slaves.

On the contrary, their every interest, social, moral, intellectual and physical, are warred upon by the existence of slavery among them. And if I shall succeed in proving that fact, then where is the republican who is not compelled to go with me in the overthrow of slavery? For the theory of our institutions is, that the Government is formed for the benefit, to promote the happiness, prosperity, and safety, of the great majority of the governed—and that when it fails of these aims, then it's not only the right but the highest duty of the people to relay the foundations of the same, for the accomplishment of these great ends.

There is no middle ground—no escape. If I am right, even the slaveholders are bound to go with me for emancipation, or to stand, in repudiation of the avowals of our fathers and all republicanism, in favor of the Divine right of Kings—of Despotism!

I lay down the broad proposition, that labor is the subject of first consideration in the formation of the constitution and laws of a State. Labor is that which distinguishes man from all other animals. The beasts have reason and speech in an inferior degree, but man only is a laborer. And whilst other animals come into life, in early infancy, protected, housed, and fed, by an all-bountiful Deity, man only for long years is utterly dependent, for food, shelter, and clothing, upon the labor of those who precede him. And so far from regarding labor as a curse, I see in it above all things the favoritism of God. Animals are clothed with but a single vestment; their residences or retreats are fixed; their food is eternally the same. But there is no limit to the variety, in comfort and taste, of the human dress. Our dwellings rise from the cabin to the palace, in structure and ornaments; whilst our food, in variety and delicacy, is only bounded by the wide reach of the human mind, in its hold upon science and the development of the resources of the soil.

Labor, then, is an eternal and beneficent law of our being. Upon its honor depends its efficiency; and upon both, depend the numbers, the prosperity, and happiness of civilized society. When, then, you plant slavery in a State, you do that thing which tends most powerfully, in constitutional law, to dishonor labor, and render it inefficient. Before a man will serve another, with no inducement but the fear of punishment, the spirit of self-respect must be utterly extinguished—he must be degraded below the beasts. And the slave has ever been regarded as the basest of men, and the object not only of contempt, but hatred—because, in yielding up his own liberty, he subtracts so much strength from the mass of men, and to that extent endangers the liberty of all others! And by a necessary association of ideas, whatever the slave touches has imparted to it something of his own dishonor! I appeal to the experience of men—to those who have been in the free and in the slave States. Here, all those offices which slaves in greatest number and most habitually perform, are avoided as far as possible by the mass of whites who are compelled to labor. And in kind, if not in degree, at whatever remove from the slave, labor is still looked upon with disgust, and idleness is regarded as a badge of social elevation.

John Quincy Adams said he regarded the profession of the law no more honorable than the business of shoe-making. In the eye of reason, the shoe-blacker is as honorable as the shoe-maker, and, if Adams be right, as honorable as the lawyer. It is slavery, and slavery only, in its myriad forms, which degrades the laborer!

When I edited the *True American* in this city, I found the wives and daughters of the small shop-keepers, mechanics, and others, who had no slaves, up before the rising sun, sweeping out their entries, the steps, and pavements, and bringing water from the pumps, before the tide of slaves was yet poured into the streets to wound their sentiments of social equality. Master-workmen tell me that the best journeymen leave the State as soon as they are married! In the free States, on the contrary, the wife and daughter and lover go up-headed to the discharge of domestic duties—made more lovely, in the eyes of all, by the conscious glow of duty performed. The slaveholders and rich avoid labor entirely. They are idlers by profession, and drones upon society; whilst, at a distance, all classes imitate them. Idleness is the mother of ruin to the State and destitution to individuals. There are no promises in the book of Nature or Revelation for the idler. Its career is deformity in person, stupidity in intellect, depravity in morals. Its end is poverty and death! Not less than twenty persons, of all ages, sexes, and colors, have come to violent ends in this State, in three months, in a population of one million! Such a terrible result is the best commentary upon slavery and its vitiating effects!

In the North, every grade in wealth, from the highest to the lowest, have suitable employment for their children. In manufactures, in agriculture, and commerce, as well as in the learned professions, there is room for all; and only the man of business is honored.

Here the evil of dishonored labor is not confined to us, the non-slaveholding class, but reaches masters also. The son and daughter cannot by them be put to work alongside of the degraded slave, who is of course an unfit associate. The professions are full to starvation. The consequence is, sons and daughters are brought up in idleness and effeminacy; mind, body, and estate, go to wreck! Thus slavery, like the fabled shirt of Nessus, which was expected to bring pleasure and comfort in the use, but maddens its unhappy possessor at last.

Unfortunately for the laborers, the evils of slavery are not confined to mere sentiments or association of ideas, but they come home to every one, whether in the field or in the work-shop, and ruin him by the competition of unpaid wages! This is proved by the retardation or expulsion of the whites in all slave States. By the census of the United States, the whole population doubles in about every twenty-five years. Take the previous censuses of the people of Kentucky, and you will find that we ought in 1851 to have had two millions instead of eight hundred thousand whites. Our sister State of Ohio, of about the same area of land, with longer winters, less fertile soil and mineral wealth, although our junior by many years, has her two millions of people. Slavery, then, has expelled one million people from the State!

I do not now consider the amount of human suffering which this curse has caused! For if happiness depends mostly, not upon absolute, but relative, wealth—and the man is happiest who is steadily improving his condition—who can estimate the misery of the million of people continually decreasing in means, till at last they see their homes pass into the hands of strangers, and themselves driven into exile—a punishment in all Governments deemed sufficient for the greatest of crimes! I choose to regard it merely as a matter of dollars and cents; and as labor is the admitted source of all wealth, we have lost one half of our productive power—one million of laborers have gone, one remains. If we regard man as a productive machine simply—the white valued no higher than the slave, at an average of three hundred dollars—we have lost a possibly productive power or capital of three hundred million of dollars! This is not all; we have placed two hundred thousand African slaves in place of the same number of white freemen. Now, our fathers of the South, when the Federal Constitution was formed, contended, no doubt truly, that the slave was only half as productive as the white; and that therefore, in taxation, two slaves ought to be counted as but one white.

This is good authority at least against our opponents. In the substitution of slaves for freemen, then, we have placed one hundred thousand paupers in the State; for whilst as machines they are fed, clothed, and sheltered, at the same cost as whites, only producing half as much, it is as if one hundred thousand were supported out of the aggregate wealth, from the bone and sinew, and the sweat of the face, of the great mass of laborers, black and white! And every two slaves imported into the State, (for the slaveholders subject us to that also,) and every two born, impose an additional pauper upon us! Again: these emigrants have taken out more or less of the money of the country—say three hundred dollars each; and we have lost three hundred millions more of the actual accumulated capital of the country—as much as all the balance of the wealth, real and personal, as shown by the census!

But the same causes which retard population hinder education. In the free States, sixteen times have common school funds been provided by general taxation, so as to bring education into the home of the poorest citizen; and, as a consequence, not one man, woman, or child, (if you exclude immigrants from the slave States and foreign countries,) in a thousand, can be found unable to read their laws and Bible. But in all the slave States the system of common schools has failed from the beginning. Governor Hammond, in his message to the South Carolina Legislature, says that "education and slavery are incompatible;" and therefore, as he was for slavery, he opposed education among the people! It seems the people of Kentucky have been ruled by the same sort of slaveholders. Three times has a common school fund been provided by the people, and three times have our masters concluded that "education and slavery were incompatible," and diverted the funds to their own purposes. First, you set aside the proceeds of the sales of the lands west of the Tennessee river for schools; but they were appropriated by the slaveholders to other purposes. Again, you gave the dividends of the State in the Commonwealth's Bank to schools; but again they were diverted to other purposes. Once more, and the third time, you solemnly set aside eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars, one-half of the sum received from the proceeds of the public lands of the United States, to assist in the education of the people; but once more, and for a third time, the defenders of the "peculiar institution" sunk the whole sum in physical improvements. And whilst New York expends three hundred thousand dollars yearly in the education of her sons and daughters, the great State of Kentucky has not a cent in the treasury for the same glorious purpose. Our masters not only wasted the money, but they burned the bonds, the evidences of the debt, in the streets of the capital, as if they were cast-off cholera clothes, bringing disease and death upon the people! And now, when the friends of education and liberty have aroused the public to these infamies, and caused the legislators to restore the bonds—and when the Democratic Convention, to their eternal honor, have put it in the Constitution that the sinking fund shall be held sacred for their payment—we find a contest going on between the friends of education and a slaveholding Governor, whether these beneficent ends shall be accomplished or not!

In the free States, the children of the rich and the poor are educated in the same school; and the division of farms and the density of the population insure always a sufficient number of scholars to bring down the cost of education to the most economical rate. But here we not only lack a common school fund to lighten individual expense, but the co-operation and joint means of the rich and the laborers.

We are not only frequently prevented from making a school at all, on account of the large farms and slaveholders, but when the slaveholders send their children to county academies or distant cities, as they do in nine cases of ten, the expense is increased to those who remain. And the grand result is, that whilst in the free States nearly the whole mass of native-born citizens are educated, here, in all the slave States, the cost of education is about three times as great as in the free States, and in all the slave States of the Union, more than one half of all the laborers, white and black, are unable to read and write!

Here the educated are drones in society, consuming without producing, whilst the great mass of laborers are deprived of the aids of letters and science in production. Of course we fail in manufactures; and without manufactures, commerce also fails. Thus, whilst the South takes hold of three and one half millions of slaves as producers, only equal to one and three-quarters millions of men—the North, far wiser, lays hold on the winds, the waters, and chemistry, and magnetism, and the powers of science, and enslaves them. I estimate the power of machinery in the free States to be equal to be labor of forty millions of men.* The free States, then, have "the long end of the handspike," and hold us in lasting dependence, as simple agriculturists—a third-rate stage of civilization. We stand as the tribes of Asia three thousand years ago; and many of our most sensible farmers return to grazing, as the best way of preserving lands from the ruin of slave cultivation!

These disadvantages of slavery are common to the whole people. What we the non-slaveholders lose, is not gained by the masters; for, by directing the whole power of the State to agriculture, they tend to glut all those markets where our mules, horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, hemp, and tobacco, go—so that the tendency of prices is always towards the lowest profit above the cost of production, and frequently the sales are under the cost, and the gains of many years lost in one unfortunate market.

These arguments are addressed alike to all—but I stand here as the advocate of the non-slaveholders of the country; and them I would reach in a manner more practical and of less generalization.

I propose to show to them how it is that the million of citizens have been expelled from the soil by inevitable and inexorable laws. In the free States, a man upon fifty, eighty, and one hundred acres, (which last perhaps is the average of all the farms in all the free States,) can raise, educate, and settle in life, a large family! Why? because he has his manufacturer and merchant set down alongside of him. He sells everything; nothing is lost; "many mickles make a muckle," says the Scottish maxim. But here in the slave States, in consequence of all our markets being distant markets, Charleston, New Orleans, Cincinnati, or New York, and through them the great world, we lose all the "odds and ends" which are saved in the free States. But the main loss is in the main articles of production, and return consumption. For instance, the citizen of Fayette sends a pound of beef to the city of New York; there it is sold for six cents; but three cents comes off for cost of transportation—the nett proceeds are therefore three cents a pound. But the farmer living alongside of New York sells also for six cents; but that is the nett profit, as he has no outlay in going to market. He sells, therefore, for twice as much as we. Of course, if he can live upon one hundred, we must have two hundred acres.

Again: the articles which he gets in exchange cost him near one hundred per cent. less than us; or one-half of our income is lost in consequence of the distance of our articles of consumption. If, then, the free farmer can live upon one hundred acres, we must have four hundred! Any one can well see, then, that if we must have four times as much land to live here, as there, we must of necessity emigrate. But a home market can afford manures; and high price and personal supervision encourage "high farming," and the lands are continually improving. Freedom gives education, education gives science in cultivation, and increased product—more leisure—more science—and more population. But in the slave States the "skinning system" prevails. Large farms are necessary, in consequence of distance of markets. Large farms cannot undergo the manuring system. The virgin soil of centuries, exhausted in deposite, is worn out in slovenly, ignorant cultivation. In Virginia and Maryland, and North Carolina, were good plains and fertile slopes, but slaves have turned them into barrenness. The whites emigrated, drove out the wild beasts and Indians, cleared the forest. But once more the tide of slaves follows on; the result is the same. Barrenness follows in the wake of the slave. The broom-sedge, the mullen, and the brier, pursue ever in their footsteps! Are not those who have desolated Judea and Asia Minor, and turned her cities and fertile vales into the abodes of wild beasts, where "the fox looks out at the window, and the long grass grows upon the walls!" as criminal in the eyes of Nature's God as they who stoned the prophets, and rejected Him who taught justice, mercy, and love!

In the midst of these depressing causes, the laborer finds yet greater oppression—the direct competition of capital. In the free States, when the capitalist has one or two hundred acres, he wants no more land. He says to his neighbor, who is educated in the common school, industrious and moral, I have a thousand or five thousand dollars; take it and invest it in manufactures or commerce; divide a portion of the profits with yourself, for your personal supervision, and the other portion with me for my capital. Thus capital and labor are friends, and build up each other; and the whole mass of society is moving up to independence and wealth. But here the slaveholding capitalist is the worst enemy of the laborer. He cannot invest his money in machinery or commerce; he gives no employment to white labor. He comes then into the land market, where only the whites can hope to live, and he invests his money at no matter what price. The consequence is, that land has not only a real value and price, but a fictitious or fancy value. The estimate of the most intelligent is, that the lands in the slave States do not anything like average three per cent. on their cost. If the laborer, then, bids for the land on credit, he gives six per cent. upon the investment; of course, it is a losing business, and at last he is compelled to sell out, and the land falls into the hands of the capitalist! Thus we find in almost every county, one, two, and as high as fifteen or twenty farms, once occupied by intelligent white families, now in the possession of the master and slaves. The census of 1850 shows in many counties not only the loss of the whole increase, which is one hundred per cent. in twenty-five years, but an absolute decrease since 1840 in population!

The towns are subject to the same laws of depression as the country; and neither in the field nor the workshop is there any escape from the ruin of slave-labor competition! There are two great data upon which the growth of cities depends—the number of consumers, and their productive and consequently consumptive capacity—for they are but the aggregation, for convenience of society and exchange, of all those persons who expect to give the product of their intellects or hands for the fruits of the soil. A hatter sells to the twenty thousand people of the county of Fayette one hundred hats a year; under the free system, when the population shall have increased to forty thousand, he will sell two hundred hats. At the same time his real estate advances in value as the increase of population. He is a thriving mechanic—he can not only educate his children, but set them up in the same trade with himself. The father sells to the fathers of the country, and his sons to their sons—and what applies to the hatter, applies to every resident of the city; so that there is no limit to the population of the city or country, until such time as the earth shall cease to sustain the inhabitants. And by manufactories, Massachusetts, England, and some other countries, sustain a higher population than their soil by agriculture could possibly support. Now reverse the case: let slavery be introduced, and immediately, as I have shown, two laws begin to prevail—the whole population, white and black, begin to decrease, and the productive power of the black is only half that of the white. The result is, that the hatter, who at first sold one hundred hats, in the course of these events, now sells but fifty; he is a decaying tradesman. Just at the time that he needs more money for the education and settlement of his children, he has less than in early life—the profits of his trade continually decline, whilst his real estate declines also, till at last he is compelled "to pull up stakes," to use a common phrase, and move to the free States, where his consumers from the country have gone before him! And this reasoning is sustained by experience. Norfolk, in Virginia, was once the emporium of Eastern commerce; but slaves have driven out her whites; ignorance and sloth have exhausted her lands; manufactures fail, and commerce fails with them. Now Norfolk is forgotten, and New York, and Philadelphia, and Boston, are great cities; and the sails of their commerce whiten every sea. The *Virginia Republican* says: "A little more than eighty years ago the imports of Virginia amounted to four millions; those of New York to nine hundred thousand; in eighteen hundred and forty-nine, the imports of Virginia were two hundred and forty thousand, and those of New York were ninety-two millions." Thus the difference in the race, in less than a century—all the natural advantages being in favor of slavery—between a free and slave State, is about sixteen hundred times in favor of freedom! Cities in slave States, with the first tide of white population, grow to a certain extent of magnificence; when the slaves come in, they become stationary—then begin to decline. Chimneys topple off, and go unrepaired—underpinnings decay—houses go unpainted—shutters fall to pieces—lights are broken out, and old clothes and pasted paper are substituted—all things indicate that the city is constitutionally diseased with slavery, and hastens to its end!

There was a time when there were intrenchments, where the mechanic was secure against the machinery of the free States and the competition of slave labor, in the handicrafts to be done on the soil. But now slaves have intruded themselves into all these, and the competition tends continually to reduce the white mechanic to the wages of the slave—the simplest food, clothing, and shelter, without education or any of the elegances of life! Penitentiary labor is remonstrated against in all parts of the Union, by the whites, when applied to such manufactures as are carried on in the neighborhood, as utterly destroying their livelihood. Yet slave labor to the seven hundred thousand free white laborers of Kentucky is penitentiary labor—the master standing in the same relation to the slave that the agent of the State does towards the convicts! The wages paid in both cases are the same—the result the same—ruin to the free laborer! The newspaper press denounce me as insulting the mechanics, in demonstrating these facts! The truth is not denied. On the contrary, the Virginia papers and the Georgia press announce that associations of mechanics in both States have issued a public protest against the education of slaves in the various trades, because it "degrades labor and reduces their wages!" Our opponents have not and cannot meet the argument; on the contrary, they insult us, with the *Louisville Chronicle*, by the avowal that slave and free labor cannot co-exist; that either the blacks or the whites must give way! The slaveholders have made up their minds to our ruin and expulsion from the State! What say you, freemen of Kentucky—shall the black or white race inhabit this lovely land?

Those who would not, as the *Louisville Chronicle*, defy us, attempt to delude us by our prejudices, and assert that if the slaves were gone, the Dutch, the French, and the Irish, would overrun the land, and underwork and ruin us; and that they greatly prefer the African to those races!

I entertain no prejudices against these foreigners. Leaving a land of tyranny, they seek a home among us, because we are republicans. I give them the right hand of fellowship. I welcome them as freemen and equals in a land of freedom and equality. Yes, these are the men who have built up, in a great measure, these States; they bring laborers, some money, and, above all, the arts and sciences as applicable to the development of the elements of nature. The Dutch, the Irish, and French, have made Cincinnati what she is—equal to the old cities of the East in manufactures and commerce. But who are they who declaim against these races? They are, in a few removes, bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh. And if we have more versatility of talent, symmetry of form, and play and loveliness of the face divine, than other nations, it is because of this same admixture of blood.

But what does this argument, when analyzed, mean? There is no Chinese wall or hands of soldiers surrounding us, to keep out these foreigners. What! is it so terrible that the starving and diseased "Dutch, and Irish, and French," crushed by despotism in other lands, cannot stand it? It is slavery! And what these miserable men cannot and will not bear, we, the laboring native citizens of this State, have to bear, and do hear!

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

* This is the estimate made about ten years ago of the power of machinery in England. If we take into consideration the machinery or instruments applied to agriculture, the estimate must be below the reality!

For the National Era.

"THE HIGHER LAW."

Whereas Congress, by enacting the Fugitive Slave Bill, has nationalized the system of American slavery, or man-stealing, and whereas we believe it to be the bounden duty of all Christians, in their congregated capacity, to enter their solemn protest against all iniquity and unrighteousness, and especially against this fiendish and diabolical statute—and deeply deploring the course pursued by many eminent and influential ministers of the gospel, in preaching obedience to the Fugitive Slave Law, and enjoining on Christians, as a religious duty, to aid, abet, and assist in catching and returning fugitives to their masters; and whereas, according to the report of the Rev. G. W. Keppart, of the American Missionary Association, that the "Campbellites" (rightly named) "owned one hundred and one thousand slaves," and are therefore practical man-stealers:

Resolved, therefore, That we, members of the congregation of Disciples in the village of Youngstown, Mahoning county, Ohio, in full assembly met, do most cordially adopt brother Alexander Campbell's former position to American slavery or American man-stealing, as published in the *Millennial Harbinger*, on July 6th, 1832, page 86, which reads follows:

"Slavery, that largest, and blackest blot upon our national escutcheon—that many-headed monster—that Pandora's box—that bitter root—that blighting and blasting curse, under which so fair and so large a portion of our beloved country groans—that deadly Upas, whose breath pollutes and poisons everything within its influence, is now evoking the attention of this ancient and venerable Commonwealth, in a manner as unexpected as it is cheering and irresistible to every philanthropist, to every one who has a heart to feel, a tear to shed over human wretchedness, or a tongue to speak for degraded humanity."

Resolved, That we reiterate the resolution passed, adopted, and published, some years since, by our congregation, with only one dissenting voice—that American slavery, as it now exists in these United States, is morally, socially, politically, and religiously wrong; and we, as Christians, believing it to be so, can have no fellowship with slavery or slaveholders.

Resolved, That we adopt the following resolutions, published in the March number of the *Millennial Harbinger*, passed and approved by the congregation of Disciples, unanimously, at Berrien, Michigan:

1. That Christians are required by their Lord and Master to yield a cheerful obedience to the "powers that be," provided their laws do not contravene the "higher law."

2. That the Fugitive Slave Law, passed by Congress at its last session, does obviously conflict with the Divine Law in several particulars.

3. That it is not only not the duty of Christians to obey the said law, but a positive dereliction of duty to their Divine Master to regard it as of any authority over them.

4. That, choosing to "obey God rather than man," we will not assist the master in recapturing the "servant that has escaped from his master," but will feed the poor, panting fugitive, and point him to the North Star, abiding the penalty of the law.

5. That we have long borne with slavery for the sake of the Union, as Christians ought to do; but when called upon to aid and abet in perpetuating the institution, we beg to be excused.

6. That, as citizens of the United States, we will petition our National Legislature for the immediate and unconditional repeal of this oppressive law, so very repugnant to a radical principle of our political magna charta—liberty of conscience.

7. That we will discountenance all violent measures of opposition to the said law or to any other, but will pray for our rulers, and suffer persecution at their hands with patience and forbearance, giving glory to the Lord of all.

8. That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the President of the United States.

9. That the *Millennial Harbinger*, the *Christain Age*, the *National Era*, and the *Ohio Republican*, "be requested to publish these resolutions, for the encouragement of our brethren everywhere, in their approaching sufferings for the Lord's sake."

Signed in behalf of the Church:

WM. S. GRAY, *Pastor*; JOHN KIRK, *Bishop*; JAMES CALVIN, *Evangelist*; JOSEPH HARBOR, WM. HENRY HARRISON KYLE, AB'M C. RENTON, PETER WERTS, *Deacons*.

A large meeting of the citizens of Camillus was held in the Presbyterian church in the village of Camillus, on Tuesday evening, October 28th, to discuss the Fugitive Slave Law.

D. A. Munro was called to the chair, and C. B. Wheeler, Secretary.

Rev. Mr. Miner, of Syracuse, was the chief speaker; and he succeeded, in a very forcible manner, in demonstrating the superlative wickedness of the law; showing that its attempted execution in our midst had plunged the community into a state of profound agitation; that it strikes down every right that is dear to man; and being full of unmingled and unmitigated wrong, the citizen is under no obligation to obey it, but rather to resist it by all peaceable means.

The speaker very happily showed the transparent hypocrisy of those who are so wofully horror-stricken at disobedience to the Fugitive Slave Law, whilst the great majority of them are perfect Shylocks, as regards the observance of the usury laws, violate every waking hour of their lives the statute of the State against profane swearing, and set at naught the laws for the regulation of excise, without the least twinge of conscience.

Short addresses were also made by Mr. Bates of Syracuse, Rev. W. W. Williams, Deacon Thorp, and D. A. Munro.

The committee on resolutions reported the following, which were unanimously adopted:

1. *Resolved*, That the Fugitive Slave Law is contrary to natural justice, destructive of the constitutional rights of us all, and openly defiant towards God.

2. *Resolved*, That while we mean to be law-abiding citizens, we cannot and dare not obey this wicked enactment, be the consequences what they may.

3. *Resolved*, That we call upon our fellow-citizens to unite with us in doing what we can at the polls, by our charities, and in other suitable ways, to secure the rights of the whole People, and to aid the persecuted and suffering.

4. *Resolved*, That no weapon, other than that of public opinion, is requisite to combat successfully this law.

5. *Resolved*, That the proceedings of this meeting be sent to the three daily journals at Syracuse, and to the *National Era*, for publication.

D. A. MUNRO, *Chairman*.
C. B. WHEELER, *Secretary*.

For the National Era.

CHRISTIANITY DEFENDED.—No. 2.*

Let us nought extenuate and nought set down in malice. That there are evils, giant, monstrous evils, within the pale of the visible church, is most certainly and sadly true. That there is amongst the professors of Christianity a far and fearful short-coming of its pure and lofty principles, is more readily admitted, as it is more sincerely deplored, by Christians than by skeptics. Especially in the matter of American slavery there is, in the position of the church, a dereliction from duty as monstrous as it is mournful; and the question now before us is, Does the existence of these evils make Christianity a lie? or, as it may be stated, Is Christianity failing to fulfil the design and promise of its Founder? This is the test question; for if Christianity is a failure, it is not from Heaven.

Christianity, embracing in its creed infinite holiness and infinite love, propounds, as the mission of its congregated believers, the Christian church—the inculcation of this noble creed in the hearts of a regenerated race. The church, which is but the congregation of the disciples, has then a twofold object—the promotion of the religious growth of its members, and the conversion of unbelievers.

Never, even under the eloquent exhortations of a Paul or a Cephas, has Christianity presented or claimed to present to the world the spectacle of a perfect community of sinless men; and all too faithfully has the church fulfilled in its dark apostacies the mournful predictions of the Christ and his apostles. Bending to the great law of progress and development seen everywhere under God's government, Christianity, in subduing the soul as in converting the world, still finds its fittest emblem the mustard seed of the parable. The children of God, like the children of men, advance to maturity by a natural though often imperceptible increase, and a large "growth in grace" lies between him whom the Bible terms a "babe in Christ" and him who has reached the full stature of Christian manhood. And here, in the culturing of this growth, we find the first object for which the church was organized. It is the school in which the young convert may receive training and instruction in the science of a higher and heavenly life—the hospital where the soul, enfeebled and disordered by sin, may gain health under the remedial agencies appointed by the great Physician; and just as the prolonged illness of the patient who neglects to use the remedies is no proof against their efficacy, so the feeble faith and weak virtue of the Christian, who, through ignorance or inattention, neglects the "means of grace," are no valid impeachments of the sanctifying power of Christianity.

In this aspect of the mission of the church, the existence of imperfection and wrong within its pale is evidently no proof that it is failing in its design. If it be true that those of its members who to an honest profession add an earnest practice of the precepts of Christianity, are made more humble or holy thereby, then the church is certainly fulfilling one grand object of its organization, and Christianity is in this respect no failure.

The inquiry here is narrowed down to a question of fact, and would be properly answered by an appeal to statistics; but no census number regenerates souls, or tells the exact increase of godliness in the land. He, however, who honestly seeks to know the truth in the case, may form no very uncertain judgment of the efficiency of the church by comparing its position on great moral and reform questions with the position of the masses of unconverted men, and by noticing its influence upon the character of the nations amongst whom it exists in most purity.

Even in anti-slavery sentiment the American church, with all its culpable ignorance and time-serving, is far in advance of the masses that bend at the beck of the great political leaders of the North, and many of its best ministers hold prominent place amidst the earnest and purest friends of human freedom. The history of civilization, and the historical development of the great principles of humanity and right, are triumphant proofs of the living and divine energy of that Christianity which, even in its darkest days, has confessedly been the nurse, the *alma mater*, of liberty and law.

It is but fair to remark that much—nay, most—of the wrong charged against the church of Christ should be placed to the account of the false and hypocritical members who, too often, gain a place and power at its altars.

Without palliating for a moment the "sins of the church," justice requires the remark that the seemingly slow growth of religion in the church does not lie with more force against the divine origin of Christianity, than the long time occupied in their development does against all the great movements of Providence. The power that can unfold the acorn into an oak could surely build an oak at once; and in God's purpose, rather than in his lack of power, must be sought the reason that the Christian soul is permitted to linger so long amidst the weaknesses of a religious adolescence.

But the church has another mission besides the spiritual nurture of its membership. Christianity is God's plan of reforming an erring race, and the church is the grand human agency He has appointed to the work. In bidding it preach the Gospel through the world, Jesus commissioned the church as the eternal foe of every human error and wrong, and as the powerful propaganda of truth and righteousness.

Here, and not in the weaknesses of its disciples, must be found, if anywhere, a plausible objection against Christianity; for a church coldly refusing to its verdict of solemn condemnation against the Heaven-defying and soul-destroying evils of war and slavery must seem in flat rebellion against the divine mandate that bids it forth to proclaim "peace and good-will" among men. Resting the defence of Christianity, as far as respects its sanctifying power, upon the few hinted rather than developed arguments above, we defer to another article the question as to its efficiency as a scheme of reform.

Granted that the church is promoting, however feebly, piety and purity in the hearts of true members, is it meeting in any measure the divine promise or requirement, or exhibiting divine power, in reforming the mighty wrongs that prevail amongst the human race? Such is the question before us; and in its proper answer lies the sufficient reply to the skeptic taunts that so often ring in our ears.

J. M. GREGORY.

* This article, which should immediately have followed No. 1, published in the *Era* of September 4, has been delayed by the severe and protracted illness of the writer.

More than one thousand emigrant wagons passed through Indianapolis during last week, all bound West. The number of emigrants this season has been greatly augmented in consequence of the passage of the county land bill. Many an old soldier, who has been a tenant all his life, is now enabled to become a freeholder, and be a free man indeed. Others by this means have secured homes for their children, and who are now flocking by thousands to cultivate these fertile, but hitherto unproductive lands. May the blessings of Heaven go with them, and may they multiply and replenish the earth.—*State Sentinel, October* 18.

A WITTY TRUTH.—The celebrated Dr. Johnson said that an epigram's truth was generally sacrificed to point; but we insert below a case in which truth adds point to the sentiment. At a celebration of the last 4th of July, in Paris, by a number of Americans, the following was one of the toasts given at the banquet:

"*The cartridge-box, the ballot-box, and the band-box*—the external, the internal, and the eternal preservatives of republicanism."

Correspondence of the Pittsburgh Daily Gazette.

IMPROVEMENT IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, *October*, 12, 1851.

In no city of the Union are so many splendid works of public improvement in progress as in Washington. From the foundation of the Government, the public grounds at the national capital have been grossly neglected. They were originally of noble extent, but have suffered at various times mutilation and encroachments which have detracted alike from their area and their symmetry. The only attempts at embellishment, leaving visible and permanent traces, have been confined until very recently to grading and planting the two small parks adjoining the Capitol, and overlooked by the east and west fronts of that structure. These squares, comprising together not more than forty acres, are so small compared with the imposing dimensions of the edifice they surround, as to have an air of meanness and scantiness. They are, however, well arranged, and planted with specimens of American forest trees; and no more beautiful and appropriate ornaments could have been selected for the purpose. But there lies between the Capitol and the margin of the broad Potomac a space nearly a mile and a half long, and from a quarter to half a mile in width, reserved for public uses; and this liberal tract is divided only by the canal from another, containing perhaps a hundred acres, stretching between the President's house and the river. The whole of these grounds have been placed under the care of A. J. Downing, Esq., of Newburg, N. Y., a gentleman whose qualifications for a charge of this kind are probably superior to those of any other citizen of the Republic. Under his direction, the work of designing, enclosing, planting, and ornamenting the grounds has been going on for a year, and they now begin to assume a shape which promises to lead to something worthy of the grandeur and refinement of a nation destined at no great distance of time to rival in all the attributes of polished civilization, as it now does in wealth and power, any of those countries which have been most celebrated in the world's history.

The enlargement of the Capitol is going on with rapidity. The additions will consist of wings upon the north and south ends, which will extend the length of the building to nearly eight hundred feet. The foundations are brought on all sides almost to the level of the ground, and in some places are above it. The work is done in the most faithful and substantial manner. The walls are eight feet thick. The stone, lime, brick, and all other materials, are the best which can be procured. The appropriation for the commencement of this interesting national work is $100,000. It is supposed that five years at least will be required to complete it, and that its cost will be at least $3,000,000. Thomas U. Walter, of Philadelphia, is the architect, and Samuel Strong, of New York, the building superintendent.

The outside of the new wings to the Capitol will consist of the best white marble which the country affords. There was never an instance of more wretched and short-sighted parsimony than in using on the fine public buildings here, the miserable, coarse, and cheap sandstone which abounds in this neighborhood. Every edifice of any pretension at the seat of Government, except the Smithsonian Institute and the General Post Office, is built of it. The cost of the paint consumed in preserving this material from the action of the weather, is about equal to the expense of erecting new walls once in thirty years. The Patent Office, with its beautiful portico in imitation of the Parthenon, has received a coat this summer, which assimilates the brown stone of the body of the building to the marble addition which is now nearly completed. When the entire structure is finished, it will present an imposing front to the south of nearly five hundred feet, and will occupy a quadrangle of about that extent by three hundred feet. It will be perhaps the most spacious building for public purposes on the continent.

The National Monument, also of white marble, has attained the height of between ninety and a hundred feet. It was commenced in the summer of 1848, and is therefore progressing at the rate of about thirty feet a year. It is much to be apprehended that this enterprise will fail for want of funds. At the present rate of progress, however, it would require twenty years to carry the shaft to its destined elevation, but as the work was commenced with a fund of $50,000, which is now exhausted, it appears that the annual collections are not sufficient to defray the cost of building even at that moderate pace. I may add, that unless the temple to be reared around the base of the shaft, and which forms a part of the design of the monument, possesses some merit superior to any discernible in the obelisk now going up, posterity will have no particular cause to regret the failure of this generation to complete the work.

Not the least of the improvements which are giving a new aspect to the town are the graceful and handsome iron bridges which span the unsightly canal that traverses the city from east to west. They are built by the corporation, but probably paid for by Uncle Sam.

Nor are the evidences of the prosperity of the Federal city, arising from the wealth and thrift of its citizens, less conspicuous than those resulting from the liberal expenditures of a powerful and opulent Government. In all quarters, new buildings on an extensive and even magnificent scale are in course of construction. The largest of these is the fine hotel of the Brothers Brown, the white marble front of which, nearly three hundred feet long, is a noble ornament to Pennsylvania avenue. It is five stories in height, and is ornamented with a line of balusters, in the style of a parapet, which increases the pleasing effect of the whole. Corcoran & Riggs, the wealthy bankers, have made contracts for building several fine dwelling houses, which rival in aristocratic pretension the urban palaces of the Fifth avenue, New York. But these are only examples of the advancement our city has been making since the adjournment of Congress. I should not forget to mention that the railroad *terminus* has been removed from the avenue, where the shabby depot and the thronging together of migratory elements were not pleasant features of the growing city, and a large but at the same time light and airy station house has been constructed.

It is evident that the political capital of the United States is destined to become the centre of fashion and luxury for the Union; and as it is now the point from which emanate laws that are respected throughout the greater part of North America, another generation may look to it with the deference which only Paris has commanded in past time, for those decrees that regulate the amenities of life, and warm into life those arts and elegancies which are the distinctive traits of civilization. JUNIUS.

A. M. GANGEWER,
Attorney and Agent, Washington City, D. C.,
ATTENDS to claims for Pensions, Bounty Land, Extra Pay, and Arrearages of Pay, and the settlement of Accounts before the several Departments of the Government.
References — Hon. S. P. Chase Ohio; Hon. D. Wilmot, Pennsylvania; Hon. O. Cole, Wisconsin; Hon. Ellis Lewis, Lancaster, Pennsylvania; Gen. Edward Armor, Carlisle, Pennsylvania; Dr. G. Bailey, Editor National Era; and the accounting officers generally. June 5—6m

SUPERIOR DAGUERREOTYPES.
FIRST PREMIUM!
J. H. WHITEHURST has extended the field of his operations over more ground than any Daguerreotypist in the country. His Galleries may be found on Pennsylvania avenue, between Four-and-a half and Sixth streets; No. 207 Baltimore street, Baltimore; corner Broadway and Leonard street, New York; No. 77 Main street, Richmond; Sycamore street, Petersburg; Main street, Norfolk; and Main street, Lynchburg, Virginia.
His beautifully and highly finished Electro Daguerreotypes are an extraordinary improvement, insuring faithful and highly finished likenesses in a few seconds.
The rotary back-ground, invented by J. H. Whitehurst, gives an airy and living appearance to the picture.
He is the patentee of the Morteotype, the art of imbedding Daguerreotype likenesses in tombstones, so as to make them resist the ravages of time and weather.
Whitehurst's establishments now distribute more than thirty thousand pictures annually, and have never given dissatisfaction! This is certainly a flattering proof of the superiority of his likenesses.
J. H. W. calls the attention of the public generally to his elegantly furnished Gallery over Lane & Tucker's new store, where a free exhibition of pictures will be given.
Notwithstanding the usual competition in Daguerreotypes at the recent fair of the Maryland Institute, he was awarded the first medal by the judges.
Likenesses of every description copied, and post-mortem cases attended to. March 27—tf

LAW OFFICE, COLUMBUS, O.
WILLIAM B. JARVIS, Jun., *Attorney and Counsellor at Law*, Columbus, Ohio. Office in Platt's new building, State street, opposite south door of State House. Business connected with the profession of all kinds punctually attended to. Jan 22

SHATTUCK HARTWELL,
ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law, Notary Public, and Commissioner of Dee's for Kentucky and Massachusetts. Office on north side of Third street, near Main, one door east of Franklin Bank, Cincinnati, O. Sept 25.

POWERS & SEATON,
ATTORNEYS and *Counsellors at Law*, and *Solicitors in Chancery*, Youngstown, Mahoning county, Ohio.
Sept. 26 R. J. POWERS. G. W. SEATON.

JAMES BIRNEY AND CHARLES C. PEIRCE,
Cincinnati.
BIRNEY & PEIRCE, *Attorneys at Law and Notaries Public.*
JAMES BIRNEY, commissioned to take depositions, acknowledgment of deeds, and to administer oaths and affirmations, by appointment of the Governors of

Alabama	Connecticut	Delaware
Illinois	Indiana	Iowa
Kentucky	Louisiana	Michigan
Missouri	Mississippi	Maine
New York	New Hampshire	North Carolina
Pennsylvania	Rhode Island	South Carolina
Tennessee	Vermont	Wisconsin.
Texas	Maryland	

Special attention given to collections and to the taking of depositions.
Office, No. 114 Main street. July 25

DAVID TORRENCE, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Xenia, Ohio,
WILL take acknowledgments, depositions, affidavits, and protestations, in town or country; is agent for the *National Era*, the *Union Mutual Life Insurance Company*, the *American Live Stock Insurance Company*; and will attend to the collection of claims generally; also, to selling, leasing, and renting real estate.
☞ Office—Galloway's Buildings, up stairs—corner room. Sept. 19—1y

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,
FOR THE CURE OF
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.
IN offering to the community this justly celebrated remedy for diseases of the throat and lungs, it is not our wish to trifle with the lives and health of the afflicted, but frankly to lay before them the opinions of distinguished men and some of the evidences of its success, from which they can judge for themselves. We sincerely pledge ourselves to make no wild assertions or false statements of its efficacy, nor will we hold out any hope to suffering humanity which the facts will not warrant.
Many *proofs* are here given, and we solicit an inquiry from the public into all we publish, feeling assured they will find them perfectly reliable, and the medicine worthy their best confidence and patronage.
From the distinguished Professor of Chemistry and Materia Medica, Bowdoin College.
BRUNSWICK, ME., *February* 5, 1847.
DEAR SIR: I delayed answering the receipt of your preparation until I had an opportunity of witnessing its effects in my own family or in the families of my friends.
This I have now done with a high degree of satisfaction, in cases both of adults and children.
I have found it, as its ingredients show, a powerful remedy for colds, and coughs, and pulmonary diseases.
PARKER CLEAVELAND, M. D.
From an Overseer in the Hamilton Mills in this city.
LOWELL, *August* 10, 1849.
I have been cured of the worst cough I ever had in my life, by your *Cherry Pectoral*, and never fail, when I have opportunity, of recommending it to others.
Yours, respectfully, S. D. EMERSON.
Dr. J. C. AYER.
☞ The following was one of the worst cases, which the physicians and friends thought to be incurable Consumption:
CHESTER, PA., *August* 22, 1846.
SIR: I was taken with a terrible cough, brought on by a cold, in the beginning of last February, and was confined to my bed more than two months. Coughing incessantly night and day, I became ghastly and pale, my eyes were sunken and glassy, and my breath very short. Indeed, I was rapidly failing, and in such distress for breath that but little hope of my recovery could be entertained. While in this situation, a friend of mine (the Rev. John Keller, of the Methodist church) brought me a bottle of your *Cherry Pectoral*, which I tried more to gratify him than from any expectation of obtaining relief. Its good effect induced me to continue its use, and I soon found my health much improved. Now, in three months, I am well and strong, and can attribute my cure only to your great medicine.
With the deepest gratitude, yours, &c.
Dr. J. C. AYER. JAMES GODFREY.
☞ Prepared and sold by James C. Ayer, practical chemist, Lowell, Mass., and sold by the druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Aug 7—3m

OFFICE FOR PATENTS, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Z. C. ROBBINS, *Solicitor of Patents*, will prepare the necessary Drawings and Papers for applicants for patents and transact all other business in the line of his profession at the Patent Office. He can be consulted on all questions relating to the patent laws and decisions in the United States or Europe. He will procure re hearings on rejected applications for patents, prepare new papers, and obtain patents in all cases where there is any novelty. Persons at a distance, desirous of having examinations made at the Patent Office, prior to making application for a patent, may forward (post paid, enclosing a fee of five dollars) a clear statement of their case, when immediate attention will be given to it, and all the information that could be obtained by a visit of the applicant in person, relating to the novelty of their invention and the requisite steps to be taken to obtain a patent therefor, (should it prove to be new) will be promptly forwarded to them by mail.
All letters on business must be post paid, and enclose a suitable fee where a written opinion is required.
☞ Office on F street, opposite the Patent Office.
He has the honor of referring, by permission to Hon. H. L. Ellsworth and Hon. Edmund Burke, late Commissioners of Patents, and to those for whom he has transacted business during the past seven years. Oct 23.

NEW BOOK ESTABLISHMENT.
JEWETT, PROCTOR & WORTHINGTON, *Publishers, Booksellers, and Stationers*, 138 *Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio*, respectfully announce that they have commenced business as above, and have become the Western Publishers of all the works issued by J. P. Jewett & Co., of Boston, among which are the following, to which attention is solicited:
The Works of Leonard Woods, D. D., 5 vols. 8vo.
The Works of Lyman Beecher, D. D., 6 vols. 12mo., in press—1st volume out.
Commentary on the Book of Acts, by Prof. H. B. Hackett, 1 vol 8vo.
Grote's History of Greece, 1st Am ed, 10 vols 12mo.
Also, the thrilling tale, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, called
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,
published in the columns of the National Era. All orders from the West for this interesting book should be directed to us. We have also made arrangements with Messrs. R. Carter & Bros., of New York, to keep constantly on hand a full assortment of all their various publications; in addition to which we have for sale a great variety of standard theological, religious, and miscellaneous books and stationery, which will be sold at the lowest prices.
Clergymen, teachers, and literary men, are requested to call at our store when in Cleveland, where they will find files of various religious and literary papers, with conveniences for writing, &c., at their service. Particular attention given to furnishing parish, Sabbath schools, public and private libraries, and all orders filled with promptness and dispatch.
Sermon, letter, and foolscap papers of various patterns for sale by
JEWETT, PROCTOR, & WORTHINGTON,
138 Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio.
Oct. 30—4t

WORTHINGTON G. SNETHEN
CONTINUES to practice law in the Supreme Court; to attend to cases before Congress; to prosecute claims and settle accounts against the Departments and Boards of Commissioners; to procure patents at home and abroad; to obtain pensions and bounty lands; to collect debts, dividends, legacies, and inheritances, in any part of the United States and in foreign countries; to make investments of funds in loans and stocks, and on bond and mortgage; and to negotiate the purchase and sale of loans, lands, and patent rights, in any State in the Union. Particular attention paid to California land title cases, coming up to the United States Supreme Court on appeal.
Communications *prepaid*, addressed to W. G. Snethen, 5 Carroll Place, Capitol Hill, Washington, D. C., will meet with prompt attention. Oct 30—1y

MARLBORO' HOTEL.
TEMPERANCE HOUSE. *JENKS & PARKS*, No. 229 Washington street, Boston. C. W. JENKS.
March 20—1y J. A. PARKS.

HENRY H. PAXTON,
ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Cadiz, Harrison county, Ohio. Jan. 9.